
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1828.

THE ESQUIMAUX WOMEN.

THE degree of civilization which prevails in the different nations of the earth may be fairly estimated from the respective condition of the females. History thus pays a higher compliment to the sex than the most extravagant gallantry has ever invented. They are ill-treated only by savages, and they possess most influence and most liberty where men are brave, and wise, and enlightened! Men just emerging from barbarism, or tending to it, regard their persons only with respect. Society must be farther advanced when their mental beauty commands adoration. The voluptuous Asiatic confines them to his harem; he treats them as instruments of brutal pleasure; as beings inferior to himself: but the intellectual European admits them willingly to an equality, and finds in their society that refined pleasure which adds new charms to polished life.

We should like to see a kind of domestic chart of civilization; it could be easily constructed; and on its data might be determined some of those long-debated questions respecting the degree of polish which prevailed in Greece and Rome. In the east, women have never been allowed the full exercise of their faculties; and the history of this part of the globe shows that men have here never approached a state of perfect civilization. In Africa they are slaves, degraded and insulted; their minds correspond with their treatment; they are little less brutal and inhuman than the men; they rear children in many instances only to sell them, and have but a slight idea of decorum. Even here, however, as society advances, their condition and habits improve, and in the New World the same remarkable fact is apparent. Hitherto it might be said that we had been acquainted only with the

aboriginal inhabitants of America who pursued the business of hunting; and who lived in that state which we understand by the term "savage;" but, owing to the spirit of discovery which animates our countrymen, and which has been laudably encouraged by the government, our sources of information have been greatly enlarged. We have been made acquainted with a race of people different in habits, persons, and language, from the American Indians. They are called Esquimaux; and the lady, whose portrait accompanies our present number, belongs to this northern people. She sat for her picture to Captain Back, who accompanied the late expedition under Captain Franklin down the Mackenzie or Great River. An account of that expedition has just been published; it is a splendid production, and every way worthy of those who were more immediately concerned. The narrative throws new light upon the manners of the Esquimaux. When ascending the Mackenzie river, in 1826, Captain Franklin and his intrepid companions were attacked by a plundering party, from which they had a narrow escape. Others, however, proved more friendly. One tribe came to visit them. "The party," says the captain, "consisted of forty-eight persons. They seated themselves as before, in a semicircle, the men being in front, and the women behind. Presents were made to those who had not before received any; and we afterwards purchased several pairs of seal-skin boots, a few pieces of dressed seal-skin, and some deer-skin cut and twisted, to be used as cords. Beads, pins, needles, and ornamental articles were most in request by the women, to whom the goods principally belonged, but the men were eager to get any thing that was made of iron. They were supplied with hatchets, files, ice-chisels, fire-steels, Indian awls, and fish-hooks. They were very anxious to procure knives; but, as each was in possession of one, I reserved the few which we had for another occasion. The quarter from whence these knives were obtained will appear in a subsequent part of the narrative.* It was amusing to see the purposes to which they applied the different articles given to them; some of the men danced about with a large codfish hook dangling from the nose, others stuck an awl through the same part, and the women immediately decorated their dresses with the earrings, thimbles, or whatever trinkets they received. There was in the party a great proportion of elderly persons, who appeared in excellent health, and were very active.

* From the Russian traders.—Ed.

The men were stout and robust, and taller than Augustus, or than those seen on the east coast by Captain Parry. Their cheek bones were less projecting than the representations given of the Esquimaux on the eastern coast, but they had the small eye, and broad nose, which ever distinguish that people. Except the young persons, the whole party were afflicted with sore eyes, arising from exposure to the glare of ice and snow; and two of the old men were nearly blind. They wore the hair on the upper lip and chin; the latter, as well as that on the head, being permitted to grow long, though in some cases a circular spot on the crown of the head was cut bare, like the tonsure of the Roman Catholic clergy. Every man had pieces of bone or shells thrust through the septum of his nose; and holes were pierced on each side of the under lip, in which were placed circular pieces of ivory, with a large blue bead in the centre, similar to those represented in the drawings of the natives on the N. W. coast of America, in Kotzebue's Voyage. These ornaments were so much valued, that they declined selling them; and when not rich enough to procure beads or ivory, stones and pieces of bone were substituted. These perforations are made at the age of puberty; and one of the party, who appeared to be about fourteen years old, was pointed out with delight by his parents, as having to undergo the operation in the following year. He was a good-looking boy, and we could not fancy his countenance would be much improved by the insertion of the bones or stones, which have the effect of depressing the under lip, and keeping the mouth open.

"Their dress consisted of a jacket of reindeer skin, with a skirt behind and before, and a small hood; breeches of the same material, and boots of seal-skin. Their weapons for the chase were bows and arrows, very neatly made; the latter being headed with bone or iron; and for fishing, spears tipped with bone. They also catch fish with nets and lines. All were armed with knives, which they either keep in their hand, or thrust up the sleeve of their shirt. They had received from the Loucheux Indians some account of the destructive effect of guns. The dress of the women differed from that of the men only in their wearing wide trousers, and in the size of their hoods, which do not fit close to the head, but are made large, for the purpose of receiving their children. These are ornamented with stripes of different coloured skins, and round the top is fastened a band of wolf's hair, made to stand erect. Their own black hair is very tastefully turned up from behind to the top of the head, and tied by strings of white

and blue beads, or cords of white deer-skin. It is divided in front, so as to form on each side a thick tail, to which are appended strings of beads that reach to the waist. The women were from four feet and a half to four and three quarters high, and generally fat. Some of the younger females, and the children, were pretty."

The young lady who sat for her portrait was mightily pleased at being selected, and testified her joy by smiles and many jumps. Four of the men also sat for their portraits, but not before they had modestly observed that they were not handsome enough to be taken to the white men's country.

Dr. Richardson, who explored the eastern branch of the Mackenzie River, came also in contact with the Esquimaux. "The natives," he says, "seemed to have a correct idea of property, and showed much tact in their commerce with us; circumstances which have been held by an eminent historian to be evidences of a considerable progress towards civilization. They were particularly cautious not to glut the market by too great a display of their stock in trade; producing only one article at a time, and not attempting to outbid each other; nor did I ever observe them endeavour to deprive one another of any thing obtained in barter or as a present. As is usual with other tribes of Esquimaux, they asked our names and told us theirs, a practice diametrically opposite to that of the Indians, who conceive it to be improper to mention a man's name in his presence."

The females preferred copper kettles to every other article; and "it is creditable," says the Doctor, "to Esquimaux habits of cleanliness that combs were in great demand."

"Some of the young girls had a considerable share of beauty, and seemed to have spared no pains in ornamenting their persons. Their hair was turned up in a neat knot, on the crown of the head, and a lock or queue, tied by a fillet of beads, hung down by the ears, on each side. Mr. Nuttall, in his account of the Quapaws or Arkansas, mentions that the unmarried women wear their hair braided into two parts, brought round to either ear in a cylindrical form and ornamented with beads; and a similar attention to head-dress is paid by some of the Indian women inhabiting the borders of the great Canada lakes, and also by the Tawcullies or Carriers of New Caledonia; but the females of all the tribes of Indians that we saw in our route through the northern parts of the fur countries, suffer their hair to hang loose about their ears, and, in general, adorn their persons less than

the men of the same tribes. The Esquimaux women dressing better, and being required to labour less, than the Indian females, may be considered as a proof that the former nation has made the greater progress towards civilization; and I am of opinion that the Esquimaux would adopt European habits and customs much more readily than the Indians.

"In the course of the morning we came to several other encampments, one of them consisting of nine tents; and each party no sooner learnt who we were, than they embarked bag and baggage and followed us. Some of the new comers were shy, and kept aloof, but in general they were too forward. Emboldened by their increase of numbers, they gradually became more daring, and running their kaiyacks alongside, laid hold of the boat's gunwale, and attempted to steal any thing within their reach. To lessen their opportunities of annoying us, I was obliged to keep the crews constantly rowing, for when we attempted to rest, three or four fellows would instantly seize the opportunity of lifting the blades of the oars, and pushing their kaiyacks alongside, whilst others would cling on by the bows and quarters, nor could they be dislodged without much trouble. They manifested great cunning and dexterity in their pilfering attempts, and frequently acted in concert. Thus, one fellow would lay hold of the boat with both his hands; and while the coxswain and I were disengaging them, his comrade on the other side would make the best use of his time in transferring some of our property into his canoe, with all the coolness of a practised thief. The smaller things being, however, put as well out of the way as possible, and a strict look-out kept, they were, in almost every instance, detected; and they restored, with the most perfect good humour, every article they had taken, as soon as it was demanded, often laughing heartily at their own want of address. They succeeded only in purloining a bag of ball, and a powder-horn, as the theft was not perceived at the time. I was unwilling to check this conduct by a display of arms, because I was desirous of gaining the natives by kindness and forbearance, the more especially, as our ignorance of the state of the ice rendered it doubtful, whether we might not be under the necessity of encamping, for some time, in their neighbourhood. Had we resented their pilfering attempts too hastily, we should have appeared the aggressors, for they expressed great good-will towards us, readily answered such questions as we were able to

put to them about the course of the river, pointed out to us the deepest channels, and invited us to go ashore to cook our breakfast. For very obvious reasons we declined all their invitations; but our crews being fatigued with continual rowing, and faint from want of food, we halted at one P.M., by the side of a steep bank, and breakfasted in the boats, insisting on the Esquimaux keeping aloof whilst we were so engaged."

THE EPICUREAN.

Our present embellishment, being the last illustration of the 'Epicurean' which we intend to give, is taken from that striking and picturesque passage, which details an incident of frequent occurrence in the garden of the sect to which Alciphron belonged.

"Round a beautiful lake, in the centre of the garden, stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature; while, in the remaining three, Conversation, the Song, and the Dance, held, uninterrupted by each other, their respective rites. In the library stood busts of all the most illustrious epicureans, both of Rome and Greece—Horace, Atticus, Pliny the elder, the poet Lucretius, Lucian, and the biographer of the Philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Laertius. There were also the portraits, in marble, of all the eminent female votaries of the school—Leontium and her fair daughter, Danae, Themista, Philænis, and others.

"Though study, as may easily be supposed, engrossed but little of the mornings of the Garden, yet the lighter part of learning,—that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not obliged to go very deep into the flower—was zealously cultivated. Even here, however, the student had to encounter distractions, which are, of all others, least favourable to composure of thought; and; with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from the life, described:—

'As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below,
There sate a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'er-shadow all the page.'



Drawn by Henry Corbould.

Engraved by Charles Rolls.

THE PICTURE.

— THE YOUTHFUL SAGE
HELD BACK HER RINGLET —

Published July 1, 1825, by James Groom, & Co. Ivy Lane, London.



NEW PLAYING CARDS.

We believe the gothic figures on what are called our *court cards*, of kings, queens, and knaves, are exactly the same as they were, when first these pieces of painted pasteboard were invented for the amusement of a certain hypochondriac King of France. At Frankfort sur Maine have, however, now made their appearance, some of a very superior and beautiful kind, called *Greek cards*. They represent the chief characters in the famous musical piece of *Robin des Bois*, by Weber.

The King of Spades, (the king of the hunters), has on a blue vest laced with gold, wide breeches of camel's hair, a crimson scarf, and medals, announcing the prizes he has gained by bringing down his game at the chase. His hat is of fawn-coloured beaver, ornamented with flowers, and a long veil floating behind; he has a nosegay in the button-hole of his vest, and shoes with buckles.

The King of Clubs, (the hermit). White hair and beard; a robe of hermit brown; a knotted staff in his hand; and a rosary depending from his waist.

The King of Diamonds, (the Inspector of the Forests). A green coat, with three rows of gold buttons, and broad gold lace; tanned leather gloves; yellow pantaloons, made full; black boots; hat turned up à l'*Henric Quatre*, and ornamented with green feathers; shirt-collar open; a black belt with a plate of gold; a *couteau de chasse*; and the beard curled.

The King of Hearts, (the Count). A chevalier's coat of camel's hair, brown; esquire's boots of the same colour; a black belt; a Spanish hat, overshadowed with five white feathers; the collar of the shirt embroidered, and left open; yellow gloves; and small mustachios, curled.

Queen of Spades, (young Anna). A very short black petticoat; a red corsage, laced loosely in front; a narrow apron of white muslin; a fichu, surmounted by one of those collars, called in German *carcans*; long white sleeves, puffed out, and very full; white stockings with coloured clocks; black shoes; and the hair dressed without any ornament.

Queen of Clubs, (the young Bride elect). Her hair arranged in very simple style; a corsage of purple, laced in front; white sleeves with plaited ruffles, and the fulness of the sleeves confined by five bands, at equal distances; a fichu, with a falling collar cut in sharp points; a green petticoat, bordered with blue;

a wide muslin apron; and in the hand, a basket filled with flowers.

Queen of Diamonds, (a female peasant). The head-dress the same as above mentioned; short sleeves, apparently those of the chemise; bare arms, and the neck exposed; a green corsage; a scarlet petticoat in full plaits, bordered with two rows of green binding, at a distance from each other; a short narrow apron of white muslin.

The Queen of Hearts, (Agatha). A fashionable costume: a robe of white satin, trimmed with three separate rûches; a corsage of blue satin, with lacings across, forming Brandenburgs; long sleeves, of the same material as the robe, the fulness confined in six divisions; mancherons cut in points; a chemisette of lace with a full tucker; a fichu left open, with a standing-up collar; the hair elegantly dressed, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

The Knaves of Spades and of Hearts, (Foresters). Coats of forest-green; full pantaloons; black boots, very wide at top; *couteau de chasse* and rifle. The knave of spades holds in his right hand a pewter measure, full of beer; his hat is turned up and ornamented with a green feather. The knave of hearts has a pointed hat, with a cock's feather; his rifle is in his left hand.

Knave of Clubs, (a species of demon). His complexion is livid; he wears a green coat and a fire-coloured cloak; the plumage in his hat is also fire-colour; flames issue from the earth on which he stands.

Knave of Diamonds. A hat adorned with flowers and ribbons; a fowling-piece in his right hand; wide black leather breeches; a brown jacket laced with gold; a red waistcoat with gold buttons.

These cards are illumined in the most beautiful manner, and the pasteboard on which they are executed is remarkably fine.

BRIDE CAKE.

The custom of having bride cakes at marriages among the Christians, derives its origin from the Jews. At the marriage ceremony of the latter, they scatter corn on, and about, the bride and bridegroom, repeating at the same time the Scripture phrase, *crescite & multiplicamini*, that is, *increase and multiply*. The custom is allegorical of an increase both in children and substance. Its first origin was from the Roman custom, called *Confarreation*.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

LADY HARRIET AUCKLAND had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the year 1776. In the course of that campaign, she traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of the season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend her husband in a poor hut at Chamblée, upon his sick bed.

In the opening of the Campaign, 1777, she was restrained from exposing herself to a share of the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderoga by the positive injunctions of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place, he was badly wounded, and she crossed the lake Champlain to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes throughout the campaign, and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, she acquired a two-wheeled tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriage used for the mail on the great roads of England. Major Auckland commanded the British Grenadiers, which were attached to Frazer's corps, and consequently were always the most advanced post of the army. Their situations were such, that they were obliged constantly to be on the alert; so that no person slept out of his clothes. In one of these situations, a tent, in which the major and Lady Harriet were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly serjeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of. It happened, in the same instant, Lady Harriet had, not knowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape, by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent.

The first object she saw on the recovery of her senses, was the major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire in search of her. The serjeant again saved him, but not without the major being severely burned in the face, and on various parts of the body. Every thing they had with them in the tent was consumed.

This accident happened a little before the army passed Hudson's River. It neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps.

The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and

more distressing, being of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers, being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the major to follow the route of the artillery and baggage which was not exposed.

At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the care of the wounded. Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musquetry, for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband with the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness of Reidesdal, and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage, and Lieutenant Reynell; but, in the event, their presence served but little for her comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons, very badly wounded; and a little after came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead. Imagination may draw a picture of the groupe.

From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials; and it was her lot, that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action; and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity; the troops were defeated, and Major Auckland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in inexpressible anxiety; not a tent, not a shed was standing, except what belonged to the hospital: their refuge, therefore, was among the wounded and the dying.

On the night of the 8th the army retreated, and at day break on the 9th reached very advantageous ground. A halt was necessary to refresh the troops, and to give time to the batteaux, loaded with provisions, to come abreast.

"When the army was on the point of moving after the halt," says General Burgoyne, "I received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates' permission to attend her husband. Lady Harriet expressed an earnest solicitude to execute her intention, if not intervening with my designs.

“Though I was ready to believe, for I had experienced that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at the proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits; exhausted, not only for want of rest, but the absolute want of food; drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish her, was an open boat, and a few lines written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

“Mr. Brudenell, chaplain to the artillery, undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant, and the major's valet, who had a ball, (which he had received in the late action) then in his shoulder, she rowed down the river, to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet at an end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-posts, and the centinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious of his orders, threatened to fire into the boat if it stirred before daylight.

“Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon this first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates, with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.

“Let such” concludes the general, “as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger, recollect, that the subject of them was a woman, of the most tender and delicate frame, of the gentlest manners; habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune, and far advanced in that state in which the tender cares, always due to the fair sex, become indispensably necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such trials.”

THE OCEAN CAVERN.

THERE is a cavern in the Island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea ; and it has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally, while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will, probably, be sung in more than one European language ; so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

There was a tyrannical governor at Vavaso, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection. It was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed.

He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and had kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel ; he apprized her of her danger, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe ; and the place of her retreat was described to her on the way thither.

These women swim like mermaids :—she dived after him, and rose in the cavern. In the widest part, this subterranean grotto is about fifty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same ; the roof being hung with stalactites.

Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume herself. Here he visited her as often as was consistent with prudence ; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander wooed and won the maid, whom (to make the interest complete) he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope.

Meantime, he prepared, with his dependants, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fijii Islands ; and his intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, on the point of their departure, whether he would not take with him a Tonga wife.

To their great astonishment, therefore, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her. He then jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water.

The party remained at Fijiis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavaso.

ALPINE SKETCHES ; OR, THE HUNTER'S GLEN.

"HARK you, brothers! how the storm howls around old Michael's rugged brow? Winter has overtaken us somewhat hastily;" observed old Herman Wetzlar, casting rather an anxious glance round the rocky cave, which afforded a temporary shelter for himself and his companions from the showers of driving snow and rattling hail, which were whirled in eddies through the glen.

"This will prove no pleasant abiding place, comrades!" observed Conrad Hartz, "since, if I guess rightly, we shall soon be blocked up by snow, if it continues to fall at this rate. What say you, my friends, to passing an Alpine winter among these glaciers; methinks it will make even thy brow grow cloudy, bold as thou art, Maurice Brentzlow?" he added, turning to one of his companions.

"I tell thee what, Conrad Hartz;" replied Maurice, "I am an old man, but as bold blood runs through my veins, though thinned by threescore and ten winters, as ever flowed in thine, young hunter. Man and boy have I followed the chamois over these rocks; hunger and cold have I endured; death have I faced in a thousand shapes; and do you think the heart of Maurice Brentzlow is about to quail now, because a few snow wreaths block his path?"

Conrad was awed by the stern looks of the old man, but he was aware it was his humour; so he turned to Herman Wetzlar, who was striking fire with the flint of his rifle, to kindle a pile of wood, which some provident traveller or hunter had collected in the interior of the rocky recess, asking him how long he thought the storm would last?

"Some hours,—possibly several days," replied Herman, "but, thank heaven, my frame is too well inured to cold and hunger, to fret at the prospect of being detained a few days, or even a week, in a glen like this. We have good store of wood, and a fresh slain deer, which lies yonder, buried in the snow at the gorge of the valley, where you see the crooked pine has fallen. I saw the deer drop there, when she received the last

shot from my rifle, and it will be odds if we starve amid plenty."

"Come, Conrad, clear the cloud that hangs over thy brow, like the snow-cloud on the peak of old St. Michael; thou'lt prove a sorry hunter, if thou sufferest a storm like this to make thy spirits droop. Help me to pile these sticks and kindle a good fire; and you, Albert of the Arrow," he added, turning to a grave and somewhat melancholy looking man, who stood at the entrance of the cave, contemplating with an abstracted air the gathering snow around him, "you, Albert, shall tell some tale, to beguile the weary hours."

"Albert's tales are generally of too grave a cast to wile away care," observed Conrad, "come, brother, let not your story be too sad a one." "My tale shall be one of mingled joy and sorrow, as is the way of the world," replied Albert, with a melancholy smile. "It is of a family, who lived in a lone vale below St. Gothard, on the Savoy side of the Alps, a spot so little frequented, even by the hunter, that few have visited it, and still fewer know the simple history of its inhabitants."

"Come, comrades, let us draw near the fire, and warm our frozen limbs, while Albert tells his tale," said Herman Wetzlar, spreading his hands to catch the cheering blaze. Old Maurice Brentzlow placed his rifle against the rocky wall of the cavern, laid aside his hunter's wallet, and, stretching his athletic form at full length on the ground beside Herman and Conrad, prepared to listen to the tale; while Albert of the Arrow, (as he was called, from having the mark of an arrow imprinted on his breast,) placed himself on a block of wood nearest to the fire, and as soon as his companions were comfortably settled, he began his story as follows:—

"Among those lonely and secluded valleys, which are to be found in the recesses of St. Gothard's, there is one, whose peculiar solitude inspires the traveller, as he looks down its almost inaccessible steep, with a feeling of awe, and almost of dread. It is enclosed on every side with rugged rocks, and seems alike to deny access or return to those who might be bold enough to form the wish of exploring its fearful depths."

"Here the wild chamois ventures, fearless of pursuit; he dreads not the precipice, nor the mountain torrent; he fears only man; and man dare hardly tread these desolate regions, or climb the pinnacles of those rocks, which rear their lofty

heads to the clouds like the tall spires of a cathedral; if, indeed, we may liken those majestic bulwarks of nature, which the Almighty has formed to show his wondrous doings to the children of men, to works of art.

“The sides of these rocks are partially clothed with long grass and thick moss; and, scattered thinly here and there, may be seen a few gnarled and stunted pines, or silvery birch trees, which have insinuated their roots into the stony and barren soil lodged between the chasms and fissures of the rocks, and here found nurture, bending their branches over the open space, and casting a deeper shadow on the grey rocks below.

“The melting snows and heavy rains have formed several wild torrents, which, falling over the craggy and broken rocks, are scattered into wreaths of foam, forming a ceaseless shower of spray, till they unite in one general stream of water, and fall into the bosom of the dark lake which occupies the middle of the valley below.

“To those whose adventurous step might gain the summit of the rocks that encircled this lone spot, it would appear a place of deepest gloom, and solitude, and silence,—save that the stillness is broken by the thundering din of the cataract, the short wild cry of the chamois, calling to his companions from some lofty promontory, or the tremulous scream of the water-fowl, seeking her lonely nest among the rushes on the banks of the lake.

“Yet in the sweet spring time, when moss was green, and the tender grass put forth its young shoots, clothing these rugged rocks with verdure; and the buds of the silver birch that waved her pendent branches to the wintry wind, had burst their prison; and the mountain flowers were shaking their sweet blossoms to the breeze, there might be heard the light tinkling of the distant sheep-bell, mixed with the joyous voices of children, or the paddling of oars on the surface of the lake.

“And could the song of happy childhood, and the bleating of flocks, have been heard in a spot so desolate and lonely? you will ask. Even so, my friends; and to you who are so well acquainted with mountain scenery, I need scarcely tell you, that this rude chamber of dark rocks and waterfalls, was but the *antichamber* or entrance to a lovely dell, the opening of which was concealed from sight, by a jutting buttress of rocks.

“The natural communication had been originally only a

chasm, which some convulsion of nature had opened; but the hand of man had hewn out a fair Gothic archway in the rock, which was rendered less conspicuous by the drapery of mountain plants, which hung round it like a curtain.

"The dell was sheltered on all sides from the wind, by the lofty range of mountains, and by thick groves of larch, mountain ash, and chesnut trees, forming a thick shelter, and mingling in agreeable variety, with the dark hue of the sombre pine, which rose above them like the plumes on a warrior's helmet. To the southward it was less enclosed, displaying a view of green pastures and sloping hills.

"The sides of the mountains were here clothed with rich verdure, and adorned with beautiful clumps of trees, and mountain shrubs, beneath whose sheltering branches beds of wild thyme, blue violets, the mountain ranunculus, wood sorrel, and Alpine strawberry, found shelter.

"At the base of one of the most picturesque of these rocks, stood a neat cabin, whose white front and moss-encumbered thatch, with the low paling of knotted oak which enclosed the simple garden, formed a pleasing feature in the landscape.

"A well-trodden path led to a fountain, not many paces from the garden gate: it was a singular reservoir of water, over which had been erected a rude frame-work of stone, which consisted of fragments of rock, piled round, and cemented together by a clayey composition.

"A flat stone, well worn by the pressure of the feet of those who had been accustomed to draw water from this spring, served by way of step, and a higher fragment of rock seemed intended for a resting place for the bucket or pitcher.

"The inmates of this little dwelling, at the time I commence my story, consisted of an elderly man, whose brow was marked with the deep lines which care, rather than age, had implanted; his daughter, a lovely, but melancholy looking young woman, and her two children, Ernest and Claudine, the only joy of their widowed mother's heart; gladness sparkled in their bright blue eyes, and laughed in their rosy dimpled cheeks. Their vivacity, and the expression of uncontrolled happiness, that marked the unclouded brows of Ernest and his sister, formed a striking contrast with the pale, thoughtful countenance of their widowed mother, and sad grandsire, whose care-worn brow would often acquire an expression of deeper gloom, while watching the

sports and pastimes of his blooming grandchildren, as they chased each other with frolic glee over the green turf before the cottage door.

“‘Ah! my child,’” he would say, turning to his daughter, “‘how does the sight of these children recal to my memory years of past happiness, when you, my Annette, with your sister Lelotte, and brothers, Albert and Ernest, delighted my fond eyes with your sportive gambols; when your voices rung in my ears, like sweetest music mingling in tones of joyous revelry. You, Annette, are the image of what your beloved mother was, only her fair brow was unruffled by care; and just as you look now upon your children, have I seen her gaze on hers.

“‘But why do I recal these ideas, they but serve to make one more wretched, when I reflect on all I have lost,—wife, children, all, all swept away at one stroke! Did I say all,—no, my Antoinette, you still were left to cheer the widowed heart of your lone parent; but you were spared, that your heart too, like mine, should be reft of all its joy.’

“Words such as these, bespoke some heavy cause of sorrow, which had driven the white-haired Hermanstien into this solitude, far from the haunts of his fellow-men. The old man had indeed had cause for sorrow. Hermanstien’s youth had been passed in the camp: he had fought bravely under the banners of the Duke of Savoy, when the French, under the command of the Duke d’Orleans, laid siege to Nice, Verceil, and Chivas. He had borne part in defending Turin, when straitly besieged by the French. When the brave Duke of Savoy, with his duchess, and her lovely family, were forced to flee for shelter among the hidden recesses of the mountains: Hermanstien had been their guide and guard. The lonely spot where he now dwelt had been the retreat of a noble prince, his wife, and her children, till the drooping spirit of the Savoyard revived, encouraged and aided by Prince Eugene. Again was heard on every side, the bugle’s call to arms, and the lonely rocks and solitary places rung once more to notes of freedom and of triumph. Their warlike ally, Eugene, by speedy and dangerous marches through the passes of the mountains, joined the duke at Asti, where they attacked the enemy in their camp, forced their intrenchments, put them to shameful flight, and relieved the besieged. The following year peace was concluded, and the tired soldiers dismissed, each to return to his native vale, there once more to taste the sweet comfort of domestic happiness.

"Hermanstien returned to his natal home, but not alone; he brought with him a young and lovely bride, of whose affections he was most justly proud, for Claudine had, for his sake, left the gaieties of the duchess's court, on whom she was an attendant, and had given the preference to him, although many wealthy suitors had sought her hand; and without a sigh of regret, had consented to share the humble fortunes of her soldier, amidst the solitude of his native mountains.

"Hermanstien had saved something from his pay, and possessed, besides, a small patrimony from his father. Claudine was not entirely portionless, the duchess, her mistress, having presented her on her bridal morning, with three hundred crowns as a dower; and Hermanstien indulged the hope, that he should be able to pass the rest of his days in uninterrupted peace and tranquillity, blest with the society of his lovely and amiable partner.

"Fortune seemed to smile on the young pair; every thing prospered that Hermanstien and his Claudine undertook; no cloud of sorrow dimmed the fair morning of their days; they beheld a lovely train of healthy infants smiling round their board; nor were the frowns of want or dissension ever seen in their happy dwelling. Ten years glided away undisturbed by sorrow: she seemed, indeed, to have passed over the dwelling of this hitherto fortunate pair; but, like the calm which precedes the storm, it was only to gather strength, ere she crushed them to the earth, and withered and overthrew all those fair hopes they had cherished.

"War again broke forth in the neighbouring states, and soon poured her red tide into the quiet valleys of Savoy. Hermanstien was again called out, to join his countrymen in the defence of their homes, their freedom, and their prince.

"Many a happy home did that war make desolate: fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, fell unnoticed among those mountain holds, whose returns were long and anxiously watched for, day by day, by mothers, wives, and children, who feared, yet hoped, that peace would at length restore them: but they hoped in vain.

"War, that ruthless, iron-hearted destroyer, passed with remorseless strides over the once smiling land, laying waste with fire and sword, all that was lovely and dear to the hearts of the inhabitants, from the lofty castle of the nobles of the country,

to the peaceful cabin of the simple herdsman: all felt its desolating influence, and groaned beneath the sword of the invader's army. Such is war!

"At the close of the desperate strife, Hermanstien returned, weary and war-worn, to seek repose in the calm retreat of his native vale, with Claudine and his children: but he sought his home in vain; the very spot it had once occupied seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. The chesnut grove, the garden, the cot, the lime-tree that shaded the little dwelling,—all, all were gone! A heap of ashes, scattered on the scorched and blackened turf, with prostrate trunks of branchless trees, were all that remained to tell him, that human hopes are perishable things.

"Who shall speak the anguish that rent the heart of the wretched Hermanstien, as he stood upon the spot which once contained his all of earthly happiness, but had now become the funeral pile of his beloved Claudine, and her lovely infants. In agony of despair and grief he rent his locks, smote his breast, and flung himself on the ground, in a state of mind which passes all language to describe.

"And were they all gone, all swept away at one fell stroke; and was he indeed a widowed, childless, homeless being, without one tie to bind him to the world?

"No: he was not yet utterly bereaved; there remained yet one solace to cheer his afflicted heart,—it was Antoinette, (or Annette, as she was usually called,) the eldest of his children, who had been sent by her mother to the cottage of Ella, a peasant's wife, who was sick in the neighbourhood; from whence she did not return, till the work of destruction had been completed by a troop of savage brigands, who poured down from the mountains in resistless bands, stripping the cottages of all their little stores; slaying, with relentless hands, both young and aged, from the hoary grandsire to the infant on its mother's breast; and throwing the fire-brand into the desolate cabins, to cover their deeds of violence and rapine. The unhappy Antoinette found herself, at the tender age of nine years, a houseless orphan; yet not quite friendless, for the good Ella, touched by her destitute condition and deep grief, took her to her own humble cot, which had escaped the general conflagration, and promised, if her father should never return to claim her, to be to her in the place of the mother she had lost. But Hermanstien

did return, and Ella lost no time in seeking him, and offering him the only consolation her kind heart could suggest, that of restoring to him the last remnant of all he had prized on earth: for, saving this sweet child, he stood alone in the world.

“Crushed to the earth as it were, by this dreadful blow, the unhappy Hermanstien long wavered on the brink of insanity; but reason at length resumed her right, and he recovered, only to feel more painfully the loss of those he had loved so well. No longer able to endure the sight of the spot, where all his hopes laid buried, and weary of the woes of the world, he resolved to seclude himself from it for ever. With this view he disposed of his small patrimony, and taking with him his little Antoinette, he withdrew to this solitary valley, which had twice been his retreat during the war, when sorely pursued by the enemy. Once, as I before stated, it had for some days proved a place of security for the fugitive family of the Duke of Savoy, and once had Hermanstien sought shelter in its dark bosom with a wounded comrade, when all other retreat was cut off. Here Sigismond Mosheim and he had constructed a rude sort of dwelling, to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather, and here they found means to subsist for several weeks on the eggs of the water-fowl, which built their nests in and about the lake shore, and on the esculent roots, which they dug out of the holes in the rocks.

“The hidden hoards of the marmot and squirrel furnished them with nuts and chesnuts; the wild bees supplied them with rich store of honey; and for water, that from the little fountain in the dell surpassed all others in clearness and sweetness, that of the lake being too strongly impregnated with sulphur and alum to be agreeable to the taste. In this valley did Hermanstien and his companion Sigismond find a safe retreat, till the troops of the enemy had evacuated the neighbouring villages, and withdrawn their outposts from the passes in the mountains. And here it was that the heart-broken soldier resolved to pass away the remainder of his days, with no other companion than his little Antoinette, whom he regarded with the same jealous eye with which the miser hoards his secret wealth, taking her with him to this lonely spot, as if to hide his treasure from the world, lest she, too, should be torn from him.

“The gloomy misanthropical feeling, which had driven the wretched Hermanstien into this desert and secluded place, made

him regardless of all personal deprivation; and the rude hut which he and his comrade had reared, served to shelter himself and his meek uncomplaining child, from the driving snows and bitter winds: but the hardy frame of a soldier is accustomed to endure hardships, without shrinking from them; and Hermanstien, wrapped in the selfish and absorbing grief that oppressed him, did not consider that the tender frame of his child was fast withering beneath the influence of cold and gloom. At length the tender feelings of the father were roused within his breast, by marking the alteration which a few weeks had made in the appearance of Annette. She drooped like some pale lily, beaten to the earth by storms: the gay laughing eye was dim and joyless, and clouded with secret tears: the rosy cheek was pale, and her wasting frame bespoke the approaches of disease, occasioned by the want of air and exercise, and proper food, and a portion of that spirit, which is the general accompaniment of happy childhood.

"In an agony of terror, lest death should rob him of his only remaining comfort, Hermanstien roused himself from his stupor of grief, his anxiety for the living superseding his sorrow for the dead; and he now sought a spot more congenial to the health of his little girl, than the cold sunless valley in which he had, in the *pride* of sorrow, taken up his abode.

"The sweetest sunniest spot in the dell was chosen by him on which to erect his new dwelling; and here he found a relief from the gloom that oppressed his mind, by constructing a pretty habitation for himself and his child.

"Here he might be seen from morn till eve busily employed wakening the long-slumbering echoes of those silent glens, with sound of axe and hammer, attended by his fragile companion, like some fabled fairy of the forest, with her floating ringlets and her soft azure eyes, and the tender rose-tint on her delicate cheek, following his steps, to proffer her little services, by bringing to his hand the necessary tools for the work; or with her little rushen flail, collecting the chips and refuse pieces of wood, and piling them in one heap near the new dwelling, to serve for winter stores.

"Towards the latter end of the summer the cottage which had been begun in the spring was completed, and the piece of ground enclosed with a rustic fence of peeled oak-boughs, which was to be planted as a garden, when spring should again cheer the valley by its return.

" With a portion of the money which Hermanstien received from the sale of his paternal estate, he purchased at a distant town such necessary furniture and comforts as might render their new abode pleasant and commodious.

" Constant occupation, change of ideas, and healthful exercise, produced the most beneficial effects both on himself and his child, whose cheeks once more resumed the glow of returning health, and her blue eyes their brightness. She busied herself in the domestic arrangements of the cottage, with a degree of interest almost surprising in one so young; and it seemed to be her greatest delight to render every thing within doors as neat and comfortable as possible, and to conduce as much as she could to her father's happiness, and, by her gentle caresses, to soothe his sorrows and win him from his melancholy mood.

" Hermanstien was not insensible to the efforts of his little Annette, and in his turn endeavoured to give pleasure to his child, by indulging her in all her harmless whims, and carrying into effect her little plans for improvement. The garden, the stone fountain, the grotto in the valley, (which served also for a place of prayer,) and the rustic porch over the cottage door, these were all done to give pleasure to his little girl, in whose increasing affection he found a balm and consolation for his past sorrows.

" Hermanstien with all a father's pride, marked the opening beauties of his darling child: she grew up in his sight like a fair flower blossoming in the wilderness; as lovely and as fragile as the pale-tinted mountain ranunculus, which scarcely bent beneath her light step, as she led home her bleating flocks of an evening to their fold.

(To be concluded next Month.)

DRESS OF THE BULGARIAN WOMEN.

THEIR dress generally consists of a jacket and petticoat of dark blue cloth, with a bright border of list down the seams or round the edges, and a shift of hemp or cotton hanging far below the petticoat and gathered in full folds, with lace-like borders round the neck and arms. Married women wear handkerchiefs on their heads; girls have their heads uncovered, with their hair braided. All wear ear-rings and bracelets, and go barefooted.—*Walsh's Journey from Constantinople to England.*

THE MOUSQUETAIRE.

Vive Henri Quatre ! Vive ce roi vaillant !
Ce diable a quatre qui a le triple talent,
De boire, de battre, et de faire le verd galant.

THE taking of the town of Sedan had gloriously terminated the campaign which Henry IV. had made against his rebellious subjects in that part of his dominions. The war was over, and the army expected that the king would depart without delay for the capital ; when he suddenly announced his intention of staying at Buzanci, and this in such a manner as led those who were nearest his person to believe that he would not soon quit it. It happened not unfrequently that, in pursuance of a policy which the peculiar nature of the times rendered expedient, he purposely misled some of his adherents as to his intentions ; and sometimes the amours in which the good king indulged, and which he was not fond of making too public, induced him to keep his movements secret. Upon the present occasion neither of these causes seemed to operate. Orders were given to prepare the king's quarters ; every thing seemed to ensure a long occupation of them ; and the Marshal Bassompierre was summoned to bear the king's dispatches to Paris.

"And now, marshal," said the king, when he had delivered to him the state missives, of which he had selected him to be the bearer, "that you know exactly the purport of this honourable employment for which I have engaged your good services, I must disclose to you another, not less honourable to you, who are a true 'squire of dames, but somewhat more delicate."

"The delivery of a billet-doux, sire?" said Bassompierre, who always practised that familiarity which the king liked, but without ever abusing it.

"Nay, marshal," said Henry ; "were that a commission to intrust thee with ? A lackey can deliver one billet-doux ; but I have two, and I want them to be transmitted in such a manner that neither of the fair ones may guess that the other has received a letter."

"Your majesty may consider that they are already in the hands of the ladies," replied Bassompierre.

"But remember, marshal, that it is the employment of all the

smaller devils, who are not yet big enough to do notable mischief, to lay traps for intriguers; and if, by any unlucky accident, these billets should miss their destination, it were worse work for us than to have to take Sedan over again."

"But, my good liege," said Bassompierre, "this is not the first letter I ever delivered: I have not been bred in the court of France since I was as tall as my sword, and (I speak it proudly) in the daily contemplation of your grace's good example, without learning how to conduct such an affair dexterously. Trust me, my liege, the letters shall be kissed by the fair lips to which they are destined in as short a time as post-horses can carry them to Paris."

"Away with thee, good marshal, then," replied the king: "I do not urge thee to speed, because, as I know thou hast a mistress of thy own in Paris, I can believe thou wilt not loiter on the way."

Bassompierre needed not twice bidding, but, taking a hearty farewell of the king, retired to his quarters. A very short time sufficed for his preparations to depart; and, accompanied by his valet, Pierre, he was soon on the road, and performed his promise to the king by reaching the capital as fast as the best horses he could get would carry him.

Pierre was, at the least, as glad to visit Paris as his master: he, too, had a mistress there; and one whom he loved with the utmost tenderness, and who returned his passion with equal fervour. He was as brave and as honest a lad as any in all France; and would have married his pretty Annette before, but that they were both too poor: so Pierre went to the wars with the Marshal Bassompierre; and Annette lived with her old aunt, who was housekeeper to the President Seguier. Pierre's fortune was marvellously improved since he had left his mistress. In the booty taken at Chamberi his share had been considerable. He had formed one of the squadron which had brought off the king when his impetuosity had carried him into the midst of the enemy's troops, and when, but for prompt succour, he must have been taken. It was upon this occasion that the king said he had, in all other engagements, fought for victory; but that in this he fought for his life. Pierre had not escaped without some wounds; and that which he had received on the occasion last mentioned prevented his being presented to the king after the battle. The marshal, his master, however, took this occasion of recommend-

ing a servant for whom he had a great regard to the king's bounty; and Pierre received an appointment in the king's household, the services of which were merely nominal, and which, while it did not remove him from the service of the marshal, added so much to his income that he might now venture upon matrimony without any danger of starvation; a condition which Pierre, staunch lover as he was, could not contemplate without terror.

The marshal lost no time, on his arrival in Paris, to set about executing the king's commission. One of his letters was directed to the Marchioness de Verneuil, and the other to the Countess de Moret. The sister of the marchioness, who lived with her, was the lady to whom the marshal had sworn to devote himself; and he kept his oath as might have been expected from a French soldier of those times; that is to say, not at all. He, however, fancied that he was in love with her; and, as her beauty had influence enough over him to induce him to commit almost any folly, he felt perhaps as much love for her as he was capable of feeling for any other person. Notwithstanding the difference in rank, the affection of Pierre for his Annette was at once more pure and exalted than that of his master for the beautiful Juliette d'Entragues. Pierre, having dressed his master, did the same good office for himself, putting on all the finery he had in the world, that he might look agreeable to his mistress's eyes; and he turned out as smart a military serving-man as the wars had sent home. Pierre attended his master to the marchioness; and then, his duties being concluded, he repaired to the Tournelle, where the President Segulier lived, and where he was sure to find his Annette.

It is not necessary to describe the meeting between the lovers: those who have loved (and those who have not do not read such tales as this) know exactly what such persons say to each other after a long absence; how they look more eloquent things than they can utter; and how their hearts are so full, they can only be relieved by each other's lips. Well, then, let the reader fancy that the first kisses were over, and that the lovers had begun to talk like people of this world. Pierre told his Annette of all the good luck that had befallen him in the wars; and that he had now come home, never to quit her again, and rich enough to marry her directly.

Annette's eyes glistened at the news, and she gave a thousand

proofs that nothing in the world could make her so happy. She had also her good news to tell Pierre : she was richer, and a person of more importance, than she had been at their parting. Her old aunt had died ; and, by way of recompensing her for many years of submission to the old woman's caprice and tyranny, (all of which, she told Annette several times in the course of each day, she exercised only for her good,) she had left her niece a round sum in pistoles and crown pieces, carefully hoarded in a *sabot*, which the old lady had ingeniously sewed into her bed. Annette had, besides, upon the death of her aunt, been promoted to the distinguished post of the president's housekeeper, and her good conduct had warmly interested the old judge in her behalf. Every thing seemed to smile upon them, and Pierre talked of being married without delay. Annette, who loved him too well to affect any bashfulness or reluctance, agreed to his proposal ; but stipulated for the consent of the president, who had behaved very kindly to her, and who, she did not doubt, would acquiesce in any plan which seemed likely to promote her happiness.

"Well, then," said Pierre, "let us ask the old gentleman now ; for, to say the truth, I think the sooner we settle this affair the better. We have been lovers now three years ; a perilous long time for trying one's constancy, when it is fed upon nothing more substantial than hope."

"For shame, Pierre !" replied Annette half-reproachfully : "and have you borne the pain of delay alone ? have I not had my share of trials, which your absence, and the dangers you were in at the wars, increased a hundred fold ? Has my constancy not been put to the proof ? You know that my poor old aunt was so anxious to secure my happiness, that she would have married me to the ugliest, and oldest, and wickedest man in the world, provided only he had money. This was her song, morning, noon, and night ; and (Heaven rest her soul !) I wish she had said her prayers as devoutly."

"But you withstood all her exhortations, my brave little Annette," said Pierre with some anxiety.

"Ah, Pierre," replied the blushing girl, "my heart was too full of thee to think of any other husband ; and, if old Marguerite had offered me young and handsome suitors, instead of the ugly and old figures she picked out, I should have been still true to thee."

Pierre caught her in his arms, and thanked her as a lover ought to thank his mistress for so flattering a speech. "But, now that

we are upon the subject, tell me, I pray thee, dearest," he said, "what has become of all thy venerable lovers?"

"All tired out but two," she replied laughing. "One of them has this day made his appearance, after a long absence: that is the old Mousquetaire, whose generosity my aunt used to praise so much, and who, I must confess, is the only endurable person of all my lovers."——

"And whose bones I will incontinently break, whenever I catch him in a convenient place," interrupted Pierre.

"I will have no breaking of bones, Pierre," said Annette. "the wars are over; and as I mean not to have them renewed, as far as thou and I are concerned, so I insist upon some more peaceable way being found of getting rid of the only two disappointed lovers I have left. Promise me, Pierre, that thou wilt not offer to take any violent steps until quiet means shall have failed."

"Well, well," said Pierre; "but who is the other lover?"

"That is the gentle *Sieur Turpin*, whom no refusal can repel, no cruelty can daunt, and not even the plainest speaking in the world convince that I take him for a disagreeable, dreaming old coxcomb."

"That is, at least, a lover of whom I was never jealous," said Pierre: "I would not care if thou hadst a troop of such."

"I think thy campaign has made thee vainer and saucier (if, indeed, that be possible) than thou wast before," replied Annette; "but, in good faith, though I cannot love the *Sieur Turpin*, I like to laugh at him. He used to come during the long nights of last winter; and, sitting by the parlour fire, he would tell my aunt long and terrible stories about goblins and devils, and all such trumpery, until the poor old woman was nearly frightened out of her senses."

"Oh yes," said Pierre, "I know he is a great astrologer, and prides himself upon the correctness of some of his predictions. However, let him make love, if he will, to all the stars he can find, so that he leaves me to contemplate those pretty stars, thine eyes, which rule my destiny."

"Come, that is so gallant, Pierre," said Annette, who was as fond of being praised (reader, when you find the human being who is not, make much of him or her, for there is no greater rarity under the moon) as any other person, "that is so complaisant a speech, that I must forgive thee thy vanity."

"I am vain of nothing but thy love, Annette," said Pierre; "and, if praising thy eyes makes them sparkle as they do at this moment, I shall be tempted to repeat the experiment."

Enough of that for the present," said Annette, interrupting him; "but now sit down, and tell me all that thou hast seen and done in the wars. How didst thou get that scar upon thy cheek? which, however, does not impair thy good looks, because thy moustache nearly covers it."

"For that I am indebted to a Spanish horseman, who did not like my attempt to rescue the king, and who paid for that cut with the loss of his own head."

"And now do tell me, Pierre, what sort of a man our good king is: thou must have seen him often."

"I have seen him often, wench; but it has been in such busy times, that I am not sure I should know him again. That part of the army which the marshal commanded was always at a distance from the king's body until the last engagement; and, although I was then near enough to him, I was too much engaged to look at any thing but his white plume, which was dancing about in the midst of the smoke and confusion which reigned around. I thought to have had a good look at him when I accompanied the marshal to the good king's quarters a few days ago; but here again I was disappointed, for, as soon as the marshal came out from his majesty's chamber, 'Off' was the word, and we began our journey within a quarter of an hour afterwards."

"Well, but now thou art of his majesty's household, Pierre, we shall often see him. After hearing so much of his goodness, I do long to look at him."

"And I tell thee, pretty Annette, that, although I am not given to jealousy, (that is to say, I am not more jealous than a man who loves truly ought to be,) I should not be sorry if thou wert never to see our king, good as he is."

"And prithee why not?"

"Because he is so universal an admirer of beauty, and because thou art so beautiful."

"That sweet saying with which thou hast sugared over the last part of thy speech shall not save thee. Dost suppose, even if thou couldst not rely upon me, after all the proofs of constancy that I have given thee, that a great king would stoop to a lowly girl like me?"

"Oh, yes ; our good Henry is notorious for his condescension in such cases."

"Thou art a jealous-pated silly fellow, I can tell thee," said Annette ; and, looking out of the window into the court-yard, she added, "Now is an opportunity to punish thee: yonder comes my lover, the Mousquetaire, Monsieur Blaise, and I have a great mind to receive him graciously."

"Nay, prithee, Annette," said Pierre, "if thou wouldst not have a brawl in the president's house, do not show him any favour. I am in a woundy passion at the bare mention of his name."

"Wilt thou promise never to be jealous again, then, of king or varlet?"

"I do promise by this hand," said Pierre, taking Annette's little fingers into his own, and devoutly kissing them, by way of ratifying his vow.

"There, then, be quiet," said Annette, disengaging her hand, and at the same moment the Mousquetaire who has been mentioned entered the room.

He was a tall, square-built, sturdy fellow, between forty and fifty years of age. His beard, which was somewhat grizzled, hung over his cuirass, and made him, perhaps, look a little older than he really was, and, with his broad hat and feather, concealed a great part of his face. His dress was a plain regimental one, and somewhat the worse for wear. A broad leathern belt was girt round his red doublet, and held a broad sword. His trunk hose were of coarse dark grey cloth ; he wore boots with wide tops ; and carried in his hand a stout walking-stick. When he entered the room he seemed a little surprised at finding Pierre ; but, saluting Annette with great politeness, he crossed over to the soldier, and made him a distant military bow, which had as much of defiance as of civility in it. Pierre began to bite his lips, and to meditate an attack, notwithstanding he was in the president's house. He looked at his rival, and saw he was of no contemptible figure. His age was, perhaps, in Pierre's favour : but the new-comer appeared to be in full possession of his strength ; and a victory over him, even if it should be obtained, could not be an easy one. While the rivals were looking at each other, much in the same way as two dogs look at a bone to which each pretends an equal title, Annette broke the silence.

"Monsieur Blaise," she said, "you are punctual to your appointment."

"Mademoiselle Annette," replied the Mousquetaire, "I am always punctual in love and in war: in other matters I can't boast of being too regular."

"Does he then come by appointment?" asked Pierre of Annette, in a voice which his passion rendered tremulous.

"Certainly he does," she replied: "Monsieur Blaise is too well-bred a gentleman to intrude himself without an invitation."

"And prithee why not, if I may venture to ask you, Monsieur?" said the Mousquetaire to Pierre with great coldness.

"Because no man should presume to visit the woman who is to be my wife, without my permission," said Pierre fiercely.

"And who are you?" asked the other.

"A soldier," replied Pierre. "If you are what your habit bespeaks you, that is answer enough."

"If you doubt it you can try me."

"In what corps do you serve?"

"In the king's body-guard."

"And how came you here, then, since no one has been permitted to leave the army?"

"I came by the king's permission. But, since I have answered thy question, tell me how it is that thou, who art also a soldier, hast quitted Sedan."

"On his majesty's own errand, perhaps," replied Pierre; "but, as I strongly suspect thee to be a deserter, wilt thou doff that broad hat, which prevents one from seeing thy features, so that, at a more fitting opportunity, I may know thee and thank thee?"

"You shall excuse me, gentle sir," said the soldier gravely; "I uncover at no man's bidding."

"Then I will uncase thee," cried Pierre, who by this time had waxed mortally wroth; and as he spoke he advanced. Annette threw herself between them, and holding Pierre's arm, prevented his farther approach.

The Mousquetaire, without in the least degree losing the *sang froid* which he had kept up during the whole scene, said quietly, "I do not love brawling in a lady's presence; but, by the faith of a soldier, if thou dost only attempt to lay finger on my person, this cudgel shall rattle so soundly on thy ribs, thou shalt think thyself a sheaf of corn, and that I am the thrasher;" and the Mousquetaire, notwithstanding his quietness, seemed very likely to keep his promise.

"Holy Virgin," said Annette, "surely never had any poor girl two such testy lovers! Peace, gentlemen, a moment, I entreat. Listen to me, Pierre, while I explain the reason for which I invited Monsieur Blaise to this interview; and then, if you like, you shall go and fight as long as the humour may last."

This speech had the effect of allaying their irritation, which was just about to break into some violent shape. The rivals were pacified, and Annette resumed. "You know full well, Monsieur Blaise," she said, "I have told you, over and over again, that I didn't love you well enough to marry you. This ought to have satisfied you; but you soldiers fancy that women are like fortified towns, and that a persevering assailant must carry them some time or other, either by stratagem or fair fighting. Now, to convince you that I am quite in earnest, and that, although I like you very well, and think you a very honest, good-tempered, but somewhat elderly person, I do not love you at all, (because I can only love one at a time,) I have invited you to come here this evening. Now then, Monsieur," she said, with an affected solemnity, "I formally renounce you; I release you from the chains which you have worn with a constancy marvellous in a Mousquetaire; I give you free permission to transfer your devotions to some other maiden who may have a heart to dispose of; and I tell you that I love Pierre so well that I mean to be married to him within a week."

"By the soul of my father," said Blaise, "but this is plain speaking! And it is for this that I have come upon a fool's errand from Sedan, to be cut out by a rival, parcel serving-man and parcel soldier, and to be dismissed by a little——! But no," he said, checking the ill temper to which Annette's speech had given rise, "I will not complain: one cannot always expect to conquer, and the defeat will perhaps teach me modesty in future."

"Wisely said, Monsieur," cried Annette: "I expected no less from your wisdom and good temper."

"Don't flout me, you gipsy," said the Mousquetaire: "but come, since we are not to be lovers, we will at least be friends. Monsieur Pierre, I wish you joy of your pretty bride. Mademoiselle Annette, I trust your husband will always love as you deserve, and as I doubt not he does at this moment. To both of you together I wish all possible happiness; and I now humbly take my leave, for the purpose of digesting my disappointment as well as I may."

"Nay, nay," said Annette, "you go not so; we will part friends, and, I hope, remain so always; for I care not if I confess to you that, had I not known Pierre, and loved him, before I saw you, I might have treated your affection as it deserved. Let us shake hands, then, all round; and, by way of convincing me that you bear your disappointment like a wise man, I insist upon your staying to sup with us."

Pierre held out his hand, which the Mousquetaire cordially grasped; and, giving Annette a kiss, which, although Pierre did not like it, he could not object to, the whole party moved to an adjoining room, in which Annette had prepared supper.

A more cheerful party did not sup that night in all Paris. Annette, whose spirits were always light and gay, was now the very soul of whim. Pierre was also a merry-hearted lad, and his recent triumph had elevated him beyond his ordinary good humour. The Mousquetaire, after the first feeling of chagrin had passed away, was as merry as either of them, and took his disappointment as little to heart as if he was used to such accidents. Annette sang; the men told stories about the battles they had been in, and so forth. The king's health was drank, and Annette had just said she wished of all things to see "the good Henry," as the people then called him, in his own city of Paris, there to remain always amongst the subjects who loved him, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer gate.

Annette could not imagine who had come hither at this time. The president, she knew, had gone into the country, and his return was not expected until the following evening. Some of the servants had gone with him; to the others she had given permission to make holiday during their master's absence, and nobody was left at home but an old porter. He had been roused by the knocking, and now came to the hall to say there was a gentleman at the door, attended by several persons, asking for Pierre, the Marshal de Bassompierre's man.

"It's my master, beyond all doubt," said Pierre, starting up; "I'll lay a wager he has got into some scrape, and can't get out of it without my assistance. I will return immediately," he cried, and hurried out of the room.

He soon afterwards came back with a face full of perplexity. "What a dog's life," he cried, "is that of a servant to so great a master as mine! No day of his life that he does not run his

head into some wild adventure, and I am always called upon to help him out."

"What's the matter now, Pierre?" said Annette.

"Why the matter is this:—He is intrusted with two letters for two ladies, who are rivals in the affection of a certain great man, whose name I shan't mention. He delivers her letter to one of the ladies, and is silly enough to let slip in her presence that he has a billet for the other. She pesters him to let her look at it. He, like a fool, (although he is my master,) consents. She takes it in her hand; breaks the seal, as if by accident; and would have read the letter, but that the marshal prevented her. The letter is, however, unfit to deliver in its present form; and he now wants a seal to be made exactly like that upon the letter, in order that he may again seal it, and deliver it to the owner."

"And whose seal is it?" said Annette, taking from his hand the silk which had been tied about the letter, and to which the fragments of the broken seal were still fastened.

"That is a question which I must not answer, pretty one," said Pierre.

"Oh, nonsense!" she replied; "I dare say it is some silly affair, after all the fuss that your wise master makes about it."

"It is so silly that it might be the ruin of him," said Pierre. "But tell me, Annette, where does that dreaming old skeleton live that used to be your lover? He is a jeweller; and cuts seals, among the rest of his trades, does he not?"

"What! the *Sieur Turpin*? Oh, for shame, Pierre, to talk in that manner of a scholar and a man of science! He lives just yonder; and, much as you despise him, he will do any thing for me."

"Then prithee use thy influence in getting him to make a seal like this," said Pierre; "and there is not a moment's time to lose."

"Will *Monsieur Blaise* excuse me for five minutes?" said Annette, turning to the *Mousquetaire*, who had been attentively listening to this conversation.

"Oh, certainly," said the soldier.

"Stay here then, Pierre," said she, "and I will come back to you immediately."

"Not so," said Pierre; "I dare not trust this seal out of my sight; the marshal made me promise that I would not, and, by way of encouraging me to keep that promise, he assured me he

would cut my throat if I failed in it; and he is sometimes a man of his word."

"Well, then, we will go together, if Monsieur Blaise will try to keep himself awake until our return. We are going only to the corner of the next street."

"Make haste back," said Blaise; "and in the mean time I will console myself with this flask of Rhenish."

Annette and Pierre immediately set off for the abode of the *Sieur Turpin*, the lamp in whose garret-window was often seen glimmering after all the other inhabitants of his quarter had been long asleep, and now gave token of his being at home.

This *Turpin* was a very ingenious artisan, who had been bred to the trade of a jeweller, and who might have got rich if he had chosen to follow that trade. Through some of the many chinks in his crazy brain, however, a ray of science had penetrated; but, as he had neither leisure nor the advantages of education necessary to enable him to pursue the studies to which he had an inclination, he spent his life in running after chimeras. He religiously believed in all the fables of the astrologers, was ready to suffer martyrdom for the truth of the Rosicrucian doctrines, and believed *Albertus Magnus* to have known more of true philosophy than *Archimedes* and *Aristotle* put together. His experiments, most of which failed, kept him as poor as a church rat; his watchings and meditations exhausted his body; but still he believed himself on the very point of discovering the great secrets of the alchymists; and, to a man who will be able to transmute the baser metals into gold, what signifies present poverty? to one who is to possess the secret of making himself immortal, what matters it how thin he may be? Eternity is long enough for a man to grow fat in. So thought the *Sieur Turpin*; and this thought kept him cheerful in the midst of all his privations.

The steps of the lovers, as they mounted the stairs which led to the philosopher's garret, (for any abode nearer to the earth would have been inconsistent with the studies which occupied him at night,) did not rouse him from the celestial reveries in which he was plunged. Pierre was obliged to knock loudly at his door before he could make him hear. At length he opened the door, and Annette, entering, drew Pierre after her. The *Sieur Turpin* was surprised at a visit from Annette, whose devoted lover he had once been, but whom, since the death of her aunt, he had forborne to pester with his visits, because he was convinced of

the hopelessness of his suit. He received her with great civility, and listened to her request, that he would make a seal like that which her friend (introducing Pierre) would show him.

The Sieur recognised Pierre as the rival whom he most dreaded; and finding him with Annette at this time of the night left no doubt in the mind of the sage that he was favoured by her. This was enough to make him resolve not to accede to her request; for the Sieur Turpin had a reasonable portion of malignity in his temper, and was not sorry to find that, by withholding his aid from Pierre, he might at least inconvenience him. By way, however, of gaining a little time, and making his refusal as decent and as little offensive as possible to the soldier, he took the seal in his hands, and had no sooner looked at it than his eyes glistened with delight at the prospect of vengeance which seemed to open before him. He knew it at once to be the king's private signet; and he thought that Pierre must have come at it by improper means, or that he wanted to forge another for some fraudulent purpose. Either of these pretexts he knew would be enough to get his rival into a scrape; and, if he could not have the pleasure of seeing him broken upon the wheel, he was satisfied that, at least, he would be locked up in prison.

"It would take several days," he said, in his drawling snuffling manner, "to make a seal like this; but, if the gentleman only wants it to seal a letter, I could take off an impression for him in such a way as would enable him to do that."

"That is all I want," cried Pierre eagerly; "only seal up this letter for me as it was before, and these gold crowns are yours." As he spoke he produced five pieces.

"Stay here, then," cried Turpin, "while I go down to seek the materials for the work." The old fellow then left the room, Pierre exhorting him to return quickly, and Annette adding her entreaties to the same effect.

He was absent about five minutes, and upon his return brought with him a parcel of tools, which he sate down upon his table, and asked again to look at the letter, which Pierre, who took great care of it, put into his hands. The Sieur was examining it carefully by the lamp on his table, when he was seized with a fit of coughing. Pierre began, with his usual impetuosity, to curse the asthma, which had taken so unseasonable a time for visiting the old man, when the door of the room opened, and, turning his head, he saw the officer of the night-watch, and his company,

enter. He turned to the old man, to have the letter put out of sight, not knowing what might have brought these people; but the *Sieur* had suddenly got the better of his cough; and, having intrenched himself behind the guard, called loudly, "Seize the villain! Seize him!" Pierre's arms were held before he could make any resistance, and the officer told him he was his prisoner.

"But for what?" asked Pierre.

"Upon a charge of attempting to procure a forgery of the king's signet," replied the officer.

"Take him away, sir," cried Turpin; "I will make good my charge. God knows what dreadful design he has on foot; but away with him! the judges shall inquire into it, and the treason shall be punished as it deserves."

Pierre was much more mortified at the ill success of his attempt to get the seal replaced, than terrified at the threats of Turpin. The greatest evil he had to dread was discovery; and, to avoid this, he whispered to the officer a request that he would carry him to the *Marshal de Bassompierre*, who would answer for him.

"I dare not," said the officer, "you must be carefully kept until you can be examined before some of the judges. You are accused of high treason."

"Carry him directly before a judge, late as it is," screamed Turpin; "and, as the president lives at hand, let him be taken to the *Tournelle*." He looked at Annette as he said this, and exulted in the idea that she would, of all persons in the world, least wish the affair to be examined before her own master.

She, poor girl, was so much frightened at first, that she did not know what to do; but the danger in which she saw her lover roused her, and the last speech of Turpin suggested to her a plan by which she thought she might effect his escape. This once managed, she had no doubt that he would be able, with his master's assistance afterwards, to get out of the scrape into which Turpin's malignity had plunged him: she, therefore, whispered in her lover's ear; and, going out of the room before the guard, hastened home.

Upon her entrance, she, in a few words, told Blaise, who was waiting her return, of the unlucky accident that had befallen her lover, and of the necessity there was for him to get the letter back, and himself out of the clutches of the night-guard. "To effect this," she said, "there is but one method: they are bringing Pierre hither, in the belief that the president is at home;

he is, however, in the country, and will not be here until to-morrow. If you, Monsieur Blaise, will have the goodness to put on his robe and cap, and seat yourself in his chair in the study, none of the persons who are coming will know you from my master. You can then get the letter away from Turpin, and you can either order Pierre to be liberated, or, as it will perhaps look better, you can have him kept here in the strong room, which I will let him out of."

"A main good plot, pretty Annette," said Blaise; "but, when the affair is found out, when the president comes to know the trick which has been played, what will become of us then? I don't like having to do with these lawyers; they are edge tools to meddle with."

"But the danger, Monsieur Blaise," said Annette, "is pressing; and, even at the hazard of incurring the president's anger, (which, when matters shall be explained to him, I don't dread,) I would do this. You have told me you loved me; and I not only believe you, but I think you are too generous to see a poor fellow like Pierre in such a scrape, without trying to help him out. Come, you can't refuse."

"I don't recollect the time when I could refuse any thing to a pretty woman," replied Blaise; "but, though I admire the strength of your affection for Pierre, I can tell you I am selfish enough to wish that I were playing this part with the hope of some reward."

"I have no other reward to offer you than my eternal thanks," said Annette; "and"—

"Nay, nay, no tears," said Blaise, squeezing her hand, "we have no time for crying; but fetch me the cloak."

Annette hastily brought him the judge's robe, which entirely covered his figure, and a cap which had the effect of so completely altering the expression of his face, that no one would have known him. He was then installed in his large chair, and a table covered with papers placed before him; so that he could not be approached too nearly. These preparations were just finished, and Annette had given the old porter, who would have done any thing at her bidding, his orders, when the guard, bringing Pierre, and accompanied by the Sieur Turpin, arrived; and, upon asking for the president, were admitted to the hall.

Annette took this opportunity of telling Pierre how she had managed, and he begged her to send for his master, the marshal,

in all haste, so that, if this plan should fail, his influence might prevent the affair from getting wind. The porter was immediately dispatched to the palace in search of the marshal, and soon afterwards the party were admitted to the chamber in which the supposed president was sitting ready to receive them.

Monsieur Blaise played his part to admiration; the robes not only became him well, but he sate up in his chair with a dignified gravity which was quite imposing. The captain of the watch made a low bow to this eminent legal functionary; and the *Sieur Turpin* bent his long lean body into all kinds of contortions, for the purpose of evincing his respect.

The supposititious president inquired gravely into the case, and listened to the story of *Turpin* with a very edifying attention, occasionally putting questions to him, and seeming to write down the particulars. When the old man had finished, *Blaise* asked to see the letter, the outside of which he looked at very minutely.

"This is a most serious affair," he said, at length, "and requires to be well looked into. The *Sieur Turpin* has acted like a discreet and loyal subject, and yonder varlet stands in a perilous plight unless he can explain how he came by this letter. How say you, knave?" he asked of *Pierre*; "what design had you in trying to counterfeit the king's signet?"

"Under your worship's favour," replied *Pierre*, who, though he thought the president was going a little too far, was obliged to speak him fair, "I have only to say this, that I am my master's servant; and, as I do his bidding, it is but fair that he should satisfy your highness's inquiries."

At this moment a bustle was heard without, and immediately afterwards the Marshal de Bassompierre entered the chamber. He hastily saluted the president; and, passing on to his servant, he put aside the guard, who were near him, with an air of authority which quite overawed them. *Pierre*, in a few words, told him the manner of his being arrested, and who the supposed president was. The marshal had at once his cue, and was approaching *Blaise* for the purpose of taking up the letter which lay before him, when the president, in a loud voice, called out "Stand back!" The captain of the guard immediately stepped between, and prevented the marshal's nearer approach.

"How now," said *Blaise*, assuming an air of offended dignity, "who is this saucy companion that thus presumes to intrude unbidden and unannounced into my presence?"

The marshal thought this was only done to impose upon the persons present; and, as he was extremely desirous to keep the affair secret, he thought it best to humour the joke: he therefore replied very condescendingly, "I am the Marshal de Bassompierre; this man is my servant; and the letter lying before your lordship is one which I directed him to get resealed. In obeying my orders he has been arrested, and I now request your lordship to order his release."

"This may be all very true," said Blaise; "or it may be in every respect false. How am I to know that you are the Marshal de Bassompierre? And, if I did know it, that is no excuse for your attempting to forge the king's signet."

"That I am the Marshal de Bassompierre is too well known here in Paris to need any proof; and for all the rest I take upon myself to explain it to his majesty, who has alone a right to inquire into it. I therefore request that your lordship will immediately restore to me that letter."

"Not so fast, good marshal, as you call yourself," said Blaise; "you and that varlet yonder appear here to be implicated in a charge savouring strongly of high treason. If I were to let you go free merely on the faith of the big words you utter, I should incur a heavy responsibility. This is an inconvenient hour of the night to seek for proofs; so, to prevent any accidents, I shall hand you and your confederate over to the custody of the captain of the guard; and on the morrow we will sift the matter further. The letter, with your good leave, I shall take into my own keeping. Take them away, captain."

The marshal had been impatient before, but this last speech filled the measure of his anger. "Impudent impostor," he cried, "this foolery is past bearing. Give me that letter, and take thyself away, or I will uncase thee;" and, as he spoke, he rushed to the president, and would have seized him, but was again prevented by the captain.

"Gently, gently, good marshal," cried Blaise, rising from his chair, "I do not need your aid. I will uncover myself; for, truth to tell, I am tired of these judge's robes." As he spoke he threw off the cap and cloak, and stood upright.

The sight of a basilisk could not have had a more striking effect upon the marshal. He started back, and his whole figure expressed the utmost confusion. Annette, who saw that something was wrong, but could not imagine what it was, threw her-

self into Pierre's arms. The captain of the guard drew respectfully back ; and the marshal, recovering from his confusion, knelt at the feet of Blaise : " Pardon, my liege lord ; pardon," he cried ; " an unlucky accident, and no fault of mine, has caused this mistake."

The truth now flashed upon the minds of all who did not know the person of the king ; and they were convinced that in Monsieur Blaise, the Mousquetaire, they saw the whimsical and amorous Henri Quatre. He had stolen away from Sedan unknown to any of his attendants, for the purpose of pressing his suit with Annette, whose dark eyes had captivated him, and whose refusal of him had piqued his vanity.

He raised the marshal from the ground. " You are pardoned, marshal," he said ; " I told you the devils were always laying traps for men in amorous intrigues ; and, as we have both been caught, we will forgive each other. For you, gentlemen," he said, turning to the guard, and throwing his purse to the officer, " I recommend a discreet silence ; and, while you drink my health, say nothing about the president. To the vigilance of the Sieur Turpin I am indebted, and will find a way of acquitting myself. My brave rival yonder, with his pretty bride, is already in the possession of so much happiness, that I can do nothing to increase it ; but I promise to take care of his future fortune ; and, as he has so bravely distinguished himself in the wars, he shall hereafter stay at home. The president, at my request, will give his consent to your marriage to-morrow ; and, as you will then be the wife of another, take this last kiss, pretty one," he said to Annette, " from your old lover the Mousquetaire. Away with you all ; and that you, marshal, may be under no apprehensions about your letter, I will forthwith carry it myself to Madame de Moret. Good night, my children, good night," added the merry monarch as he withdrew, followed by a loud shout of *Vive le Roi* from Pierre.

The next day Pierre and Annette were married ; and, before night, this story was known throughout Paris.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY; MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL
STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(Continued from page 312, Vol. XXVII.)

WESTERN AFRICA.

SENEGAMBIA AND GUINEA.

EVERY nation has its prejudices; one of those which the Joloffs have preserved to this day, and which is common to most of the negro tribes, is so thorough a contempt for blacksmiths, weavers, shoemakers, and griots, or musicians, that even a slave will not marry a woman who descended from a family which has exercised one of these professions. The griots are even excluded from the honour of burial among the Joloffs. Their bodies are deposited in hollow trees; for the general notion is, that if a griot were to be interred in the earth, the crop of millet would be sure to fail.

The negroes preserve their pedigree with care; they are very proud of their origin, and never degrade themselves by marriages with persons of inferior rank. Mahometans rarely unite themselves with the daughters of Pagans.

The huts of the Joloffs are extremely simple, but compactly built, and most of them afford shelter from rain. They are constructed of rushes only, and a door of straw is their only safeguard. The walls are so slight that people may converse through them. The form of these habitations is circular; and, at a distance, the huts of the villages of Cayor might be mistaken for bee-hives; you are obliged to stoop in order to enter. Every Joloff, however poor, has at least two huts; he sleeps in one and the other serves for a kitchen. Notwithstanding the carelessness of these people, fires are very rare; and the pliant mass of these huts withstands storms by yielding to their fury. The furniture consists of a few mats, on which the negroes sleep. A cauldron of iron, or more generally of earthenware, a few calabashes, and a wooden mortar for pounding millet, constitute the whole of their culinary utensils.

Love has rarely any share in the marriages of the negroes. Wives are bought, and marriage is an object of speculation with

parents. Is it possible for a girl who is sold to love? Slaves in the huts of their husbands, they nevertheless make faithful wives; but the negroes accuse them of being cold and selfish. Their fathers give them no dowry, and they make a profit of their charms to secure to themselves a subsistence in case they should be repudiated. Marriage is often the subject of the questions which the negroes address to travellers. They considered them unfortunate in being allowed to take but one wife; the negro women, on the contrary, were of opinion that it was a very wise law which imposed this restriction. "I had always imagined," says a recent traveller, "that a man must necessarily be miserable amidst the disputes which jealousy could not fail to kindle among his wives; but among the negroes, the husband is the prime mover of these dissensions. They desire to please him; and, to win his good graces, urge his wives to give him all they possess."

In this part of Africa, both Pagans and Mahometans place their children under the tuition of the Marabouts. The reverence of children for their fathers is unbounded; but they pay little respect to their mothers. The younger brothers are submissive to the elder. Children are never admitted into the presence of their parents during meals; they are content with their leavings. There are some, who, arrived at a more advanced age, support their parents in the decline of life; and, without being compelled to do so by any written law, they religiously fulfil this first duty imposed by nature.

Among the Joloffs and the Paulas, on the death of the father of a family, his property is divided into eight parts; seven for the children, whatever the number may be, and one for the wives whom he leaves behind him. If the deceased has no children, his property is divided into four parts; three for the collateral heirs, and one for the wives. On the death of a mother, they divide what she leaves into two parts; one for the children or collateral heirs, and one for the husband. When the king dies, public opinion is often divided between his eldest son and his brother; but the latter is almost always chosen, in order that the supreme authority may be transferred to a branch less powerful, from its wealth, than that of the late king, and whose despotism there may be less reason to dread. The ties of friendship are rare among the negroes; we find no example of a person sacrificing himself for his friend.

Hospitality is so generally practised among the negroes, that it is not regarded by them as a virtue, but as a duty imposed on all mankind; they exercise it with a generosity which has no bounds, and do not even make a merit of it. When a stranger arrives in a village, he applies to the chief, who lodges him in his own hut, or, if it is too small, orders another inhabitant to receive him; and rarely solicits any return. When a stranger has once supped in a hut, he may remain there a whole month, without receiving any intimation that he is considered troublesome. If the chief is absent, the traveller goes to the market-place; he does not remain there long, before an inhabitant comes to invite him into his hut, which he generally gives up entirely to him. If he is poor, and cannot make a separate provision for his guest, he shares his meals with the stranger.

Mildness and moderation generally pervade the conversation of the Joloffs. When the Mahometans would reproach a passionate man, they say, "He is a Pagan."

Slaves are numerous among the Joloffs; but they are so kindly treated, that they seldom think of running away. It is not uncommon to see free men eating with the slaves; the latter, when born in the hut, are never sold, unless they have committed some serious crime. They are well fed, and no labour is required of them but what they can perform with ease. The women pound grain, spin cotton, keep the hut in order, and fetch water; the boys tend the flocks; the men cut wood, and only during three months of the year are employed in the cultivation of the ground, which is not laborious. The soil is so light, that it is sufficient to turn it up with a spade, the end of which is very narrow; the women alone are really engaged all the year round in their domestic occupations.

The women are pretty and well shaped, have oval faces and delicate features; their hair is long, and they braid it round their heads; their feet are small, but their legs somewhat bowed; they are seldom so stout as the negresses. They load their hair with ornaments of yellow amber and coral, and their necks with gold and glass beads; over the head they throw a muslin veil; some wear a jacket with sleeves; like the negro women, they have a cloth fastened round the waist. Lively and warm, they always wear a smiling face, and they seem to sigh for nothing but pleasure; their virtue rarely resists a grain of coral, but the senses alone are concerned in the passions of these females; they are

by no means susceptible of a delicate, or a lasting attachment; very malignant, according to the expression of my Marabout, they employ their charms to shake off their yoke, and to obtain a share in the empire of the hut: they are not slaves like the Joloff women, but wives, and in reality mistresses of the house. They obey, but only when they please, and their husbands are often obliged to give way to them. Sometimes they threaten to take them before the chief of the village, to obtain a divorce from them, and if matters are carried thus far, they have recourse to tears to influence their judge: "Why dost thou ill treat thy wife?" he will say to the husband. "A woman is a weak being, without strength, without support, whilst a man possesses all; go, invite thine back to thee, and, to appease her just anger, make her a present!" Peace is never signed without costing the husband an ox or a slave.

The women, however, are exclusively charged with the household labours; they sleep little, for during the greater part of the night they are employed in pounding millet, which is a very fatiguing occupation. Never do they receive a kind word from their husbands; never are they admitted to the honour of sharing their repasts. Such is the state of a wife in Africa.

When a rich man wishes to marry, he goes to his father and imparts to him his desire to make such and such a female his wife; the father of the young man then repairs to the house of the girl's father. After he has communicated the proposal, the young man kills a bullock, and sends it to his intended father-in-law; if he eats of it, this is a sign that the wishes of the lover will be complied with. From that time he does not again see his mistress or her mother: if he meets them abroad he avoids them. Some time afterwards he sends another bullock. When the wedding day arrives, he presents his bride with three slaves, and his father and mother-in-law, and their children, with a bullock each. The parents of the girl give her three slaves, ten bullocks, forty cloths for herself, and four pair of breeches and four tunics for their son-in-law. In case of divorce, the woman receives back her dowry, which, at her death, belongs to her children, who, if she be divorced, remain with the father. A man who has several wives encourages jealousy among them, that they may purchase his caresses with presents. Sometimes the lovers remain single for three years, and are constantly making presents to each other: they are sometimes susceptible of so strong an

attachment, as to renounce every other connection until they are united.

The man who has no slaves to pay the dowry of his wife, labours for his father-in-law ; it was thus that Jacob passed fourteen years in the service of Laban. Such is the character of these people.

Passing from the Gambia, in a southerly direction, we pass the mouth of the river Kabore, or Rio Grande, which is about two hundred miles from St. Mary's on the Gambia. This river, which rises near the source of the Gambia, is navigable by vessels of small tonnage upward of one hundred miles, and extends three hundred and fifty miles into the interior. Here the Portuguese have several settlements, and carry on a considerable trade.

The country comprised between the Rio Grande and the Gambia, and the river of Geba, bears the name of Kabon ; it is very fertile ; the inhabitants cultivate rice, millet, and maize, and a little indigo and cotton. The rains which fall, from the month of May till the end of October, are very abundant ; but the winds do not blow with the same violence as in the countries situated more to the east. The climate is hot, damp, and unhealthy. As the country is composed of plains only, covered in several places by thick forests, the water stands upon it ; the people avail themselves of this circumstance for the cultivation of rice ; they dig the earth with a wooden instrument in the form of an oar, the extremity of which is shod with iron ; to break up the ground for maize, they use hoes with short handles. Kabore is inhabited by a mixture of several nations ; the Mandingos are the most numerous, and their language the only one in use. Their villages are large and populous, their fields are cultivated with care, but the inhabitants are inclined to theft ; insolent, inhospitable, and avaricious ; they are possessed of considerable wealth, which they owe to their industry and commercial spirit. Most of these Mandingos are Pagans, as well as the Paulas who inhabit the foulakondas, (Paula villages,) dependent on the Mandingo villages.

The settlement of Bissao, situated in eleven degrees north latitude, is placed at the south-western extremity of a large island, formed by the river Geba near its efflux into the ocean. The ground on which this settlement is built, although low, and surrounded by stagnant water, is stony. The springs which supply it with water have a marshy taste, which indicates their

unwholesome quality. The climate is damp and burning; the heat, during the rainy season, is suffocating, and almost insupportable; want of appetite, extreme weakness in the limbs, fever, violent head-aches, are the consequences of the continual calm which then pervades the atmosphere; but as soon as the dry season returns, the east wind in the morning is so sharp, that it is doubtful if ever so much is suffered from cold in France, as is done in this climate. Though the look of the inhabitants is unhealthy, and they are, in fact, never well, they live as long as other people. The houses on the sea shore are built of stone, those in the interior of the town are only of earth, and thatched.

Bissao is defended by a stone fort, built fifty years ago; it is very spacious, and surrounded by a wide ditch; it was formerly useful in subjecting the Papels who occupied the country. Though capable of withstanding the attacks of the neighbouring nations, it could not resist those of Europeans. The barracks, the chapel, and the governor's house, occupy the interior. The garrison is chiefly composed of blacks and mulattoes, and a few whites. The soldiers have neither shoes nor uniform; some wear small helmets, or round hats, others are muffled up in robes made of flowered cottons; and most of them are clothed in rags: their pay consists of a few leaves of tobacco, which are given to them every day, and with which they purchase rice and the fruits of the country; they eat neither meat nor bread, and water is their only drink. Notwithstanding these privations, this garrison loses fewer men than our settlements. The only difference between the officers and soldiers is, that the former, having more wants, in consequence of the mode in which they have been brought up, are more wretched, because they have scarcely any means of satisfying them; two persons only eat bread, and drink wine, the governor and commandant of the place. There are neither physicians nor medicine at Bissao, experience alone guiding the inhabitants in the cure of their disorders; it is difficult to conceive how men born in Europe can, to such a degree, relinquish the habits of their youth, and how any can so cruelly neglect a portion of its subjects.

A convent of Franciscans, containing four monks of that order, formerly existed here; some are dead, and the others have returned to Europe. Orange and lemon trees rise from among the briars that cover their garden, the walls of which the hand of time has overthrown. Two priests are still attached to the ser-

vice of the chapel; one bears the character of a bad man and a slanderer, the other never quits the altar except to go to the barracks and get drunk with the soldiers. There cannot be a milder government for the negroes than that of the Portuguese; but at the same time its weakness makes them insolent, violent, and liars; they are rarely punished; and those who are free assume a perfect equality with Europeans.

All foreign vessels are received at Bissao on paying fifty-six piastres for anchorage dues. Rough wax is sold to the Europeans for twenty piastres the hundred weight; refined wax at twenty-four piastres; ivory, six francs per pound; a slave for one hundred and twenty-five piastres, in goods. Thirty pounds of rice are equivalent to one piastre. The Portuguese purchase gunpowder at seventy piastres the hundred weight; muskets from six to eight piastres each; a piece of blue Guinea stuff at ten piastres; tobacco at from thirty to forty piastres the hundred weight. This settlement supplies annually about fifteen thousand piastres' worth of wax, and four thousand of ivory.

Meat is rare at Bissao, on account of the consumption among the European Portuguese. Bullocks are small, and cost ten piastres; there are no sheep, but abundance of hogs and poultry; of fish there is no want, but the people abstain from it, because it induces fever. Game is not common; maize, folgne, yams, potatoes, cassada, bananas, papaws, guavas, and oranges, abound throughout the country; millet is very scarce.

At Bissao are to be seen many nations as different in their manners as their dress.

The Bisagos occupy the Archipelago of the same name, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and that part of the continent contiguous to it. They are the bravest and most powerful of the negro tribes in all this part of Africa; almost all of them have muskets and lances, which they use with much address; obeying an infinite number of petty despots, each more cruel than the other, instead of one tyrant they have a thousand. The courts of these petty kings are still more tempestuous than those of great potentates; for the whole family of a minister of one of these monarchs once arrived at Bissao, which, by one of those capricious freaks so common among African princes, was sent to be sold at the European settlement; this family consisted of thirteen persons. The diet of these people is extremely simple, which is the more surprising, as the soil of their islands is so fertile; a

few bananas, or palm-nuts, appease their hunger, during the short voyage they make from their islands to the main. They spend much of their time in fishing, and trade in tortoise-shell. A deer skin serves them for breeches; interwoven rushes form the garments of their women. The muscular strength of arm, the harshness of features, and the quick movements of the Bisagos, prove that these people are fit for combat. In a canoe, the fragility of which renders it every moment liable to be swallowed up, they brave the dangers of a sea voyage. Rice, palm-oil, and all the American fruits, abound in the Bisagos; tobacco and brandy are the only objects of barter by which they are tempted. Zealous friends of the Portuguese, they bear an implacable hatred against other European nations; they one day seized an Englishman who had gone among them to purchase provisions, and immediately kindled a large fire in a hut, thinking that they might blacken him with the smoke, and thus be able to sell him for a slave. They would have infallibly put an end to his life, had not the Portuguese, learning the perilous situation of this unfortunate man, ransomed him by presents.

(To be continued.)

THE VENETIANS.

As far as I can see, no Venetian ever thinks of making his room warm; if his apparatus of mats, foot-bags, great coats, and caps, are not sufficient, he either makes a little fire, just to warm himself, or goes to the coffee-house, where, however, the warmth is derived from the crowds who frequent them, and not from the fires. The ladies are better off, as they have little chafing-dishes to put their feet upon, which, as they sit, are hidden under their petticoats, and even the beggars in the streets have these conveniences. The theatre, the church, and the coffee-house, are the lounging-places of the Italian, where he goes neither to see nor to do any thing, but merely because he has nothing to do. There is seldom any amusements in the coffee-houses, beyond a little languid conversation; three-fourths of the people seem dreaming, and neither eat, drink, nor talk. You may observe a solitary individual come in, and seat himself on the well-stuffed cushions, with an air, not of enjoyment, but of mere listlessness, and sit in a sort of stupid contentedness, saying nothing and doing nothing; but it is winter here in the moral and political, as well as in the physical world.—*Wood's Letters of an Architect.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CROPPY, a Tale of 1798. By the Authors of "The O'Hara Tales," &c. post 8vo. 3 vols. 1828.

MR. BANIM, author of the work on our table, intends, it would appear, to rival Sir Walter Scott in the number, if not in the excellence, of his tales. Within the last three years he has favoured us with four different publications, all relating to Irish manners and history; and, what is not a little singular, his first performance is generally considered the best. As a novelist, he possesses many popular qualifications; he is intimately acquainted with the habits of the Irish people and the localities of the country, and excels in describing those scenes of strife and bloodshed which in Ireland, unhappily, are of too common occurrence. His style is not displeasing; there is an earnestness about him that gives additional interest to his narrative, and if he studied nature and probability more, and laboured less for effect, he could hardly fail of retaining that place among the writers of fiction, which, on the appearance of his first novel, was generally accorded him.

The "Croppy" possesses many of the beauties, and all the imperfections, of his former works. It is minute in descriptions of local outrage and scenery, but the plot is grossly improbable. The heroine bestows her affections upon a man, who is, unknown to her, the husband of a female friend; and, though she is subsequently apprised of this by a former lover, she persists in marrying him. On the day of their nuptials, the rebellion of 1798,—for the scene is laid in the County of Wexford,—breaks out; her father is to all appearance hanged, and her husband dies in her presence and that of his former wife, who by this time is transformed into a fury. It then appears that her father was *not* hanged, and that her former lover deserved her hand;—he received it in proper time; and thus terminates the tale.

There are some minor agents introduced, whose characters are drawn with great fidelity and cleverness. "Rattling Bill" is a correct portrait of the Irish rustic blackguard; but "Nanny the Knitter" is so peculiarly Irish, that we must introduce her to the reader. Eliza Hartley, we should have premised, is the heroine of the tale.

"As Eliza Hartley looked along the chequered verdure of the river path, she perceived that one stream of light was wanted, in a certain well-known spot, and, advancing, she found that its usual passage was obstructed by the low burly person of Nanny the Knitter, who, sitting

full in its way, monopolized to her round back the benefits of the ray that nature had destined to a more general ministry, as, now stirring one shoulder, now another, her sensations acknowledged its pleasing influence.

"She was intent upon the employment which bestowed her the appellation of 'The Knitter.' In a pocket, especially constructed to hold it, was deposited her ball of worsted, that turned round and round therein, as the thread extending from it to her fingers became wrought, with almost magical art and celerity, into comfortable coverings for rustic feet and legs, of different conditions. Her fingers moved and twisted, and came in contact with each other, so flippantly as to baffle the eye in its endeavour to trace regular motion, during a ceaseless operation that was, nevertheless, invariably regular. And, sitting or standing, or stumping along, for she was often afoot, this was Nanny's constant occupation.

"But although such was the employment from which she derived her surname and her regular means of existence, it was not the only agency by which Nanny filled 'the weaselskin purse with the yellow guineas.'

"An account of the collateral occupation, by virtue of which, as well as by virtue of her knitting needles, those rapid changes went on, must not be omitted. At one and the same time, and at all times, with her handicraft business—for, wherever she was, and however employed in talking, her hands were never idle—Nanny followed the profession of a Mercury in love affairs. Not, indeed, with the dispatch of the celestial messenger, because she often contrived to prolong final terminations, in order still to hold the parties under contribution; yet, if she was slower than upon similar occasions was the match-maker of the gods of old, never, like him, did she undertake an illicit affair! Her embassies, invariably had in view the uniting, in the bonds of wedlock, the youthful (sometimes the more reverend) folk around her.

"And various were her commissions to this end. Fathers and mothers engaged her to inspect keenly the worldly substance of 'the boy' or the girl they had in their eye for daughter or for son; and if matters appeared fit and proper, she would throw out hints sufficient to open a negotiation. Shame-faced lads employed her to sound the feelings of the lasses they sighed for,—a task they might not themselves have ability to undertake; and still oftener, bashful or clever maidens, as the case might be, fee'd her to attempt similar discoveries. If a mother had a daughter whom it was advisable, no matter for what reason, to establish in the world, Nanny was consulted; and she was always ready to display an assortment of young men, as strictly, in a mercantile point of view, as the merchant when he exhibits his bales of goods; nor was her stock of young women ever found less deficient or diversified. From her strictly proper views of things, mere love-matches, disproportioned in a worldly sense, as is almost uniformly the case, met no assistance from Nanny."

WHIMWHAMS. By Four of Us. 18mo. 1828.

THIS is a fair specimen of transatlantic wit, and is little inferior to Mr. Washington Irving's "Salmagundi." There is much point in some of the poetical pieces; and others appear to have been written in imitation of Mr. Thomas Hood's "Whims and Oddities." The verses beginning,

"My hero was a soap-boiler,
On an extensive plan,
His works were situate on a hill,
He called the *Vat-ican*,"

are full of puns; but there are others of greater pretensions, and of far greater merit. They abound in poetical feeling and correct sentiment, and are quite free from affectation or burlesque. We confess we like these best, and shall therefore extract one of them.

"SONG OF THE BEE.

"Away, away, to the anxious flower
That droops and pines for its truant Bee;
With beauty renew'd like the morning hour,
'Twill wait for my coming with anxious glee.
Ah little, but little, the rose spirit dreams
Of the last dear place of her wanderer's rest—
Like the evening dew in the mountain streams,
She would waste should I tell of the tulip's breast.

"Away, away, for the earliest kiss
Must be mine from the freshest and sweetest rose;
Oh! there's naught upon earth like the young Bee's bliss,
When the morning rose-leaves over him close.
Hid from the beam of his rival—Sun,
Couch'd in the bosom of beauty's flower,
He rests, till its choicest treasures are won,
From the scorching ray or the drenching shower."

There are several prose pieces, mostly descriptive of character, very well written. One or two of the legends are pretty. An hour may be spent very innocently and very pleasingly over this trifle.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF SLAVERY
IN THE WEST INDIES, &c. By Alexander Barclay. 8vo. 1828.

Few things speak more loudly in proof of the active humanity of the British people, than the enthusiasm with which they have, we may say unanimously, condemned the principle of slavery. If, in their generous indignation, they have paid too little regard to the local circumstances of the West Indies, the error is on the right side; and now that people are beginning to view the question with more dispassionate consideration, the work on our table is of incalculable value. Mr. Barclay resided for many years in slave countries. His knowledge on the subject is practical; and

though we consider many of his conclusions forced, we must admit that his book is filled with important facts. He does not deny the evil of slavery, but he argues against a too speedy abolition.

THE RECTOR OF OVERTON. A Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 1826.

THIS novel has been written for the express purpose of counteracting the irreligious tendency of most of the fashionable tales of the day, in which the great are represented as totally devoid of moral sentiment, and deficient in those charities which impart a lustre to private life. The author before us has shown, that virtue and high station are not incompatible; and that, however frivolous may be the pursuits of those who figure in fashionable life, there is in the opulent classes an abundance of kind hearted and religious persons, of pure motives and honourable conduct. The different characters in the tale are drawn to exemplify this truth; and, perhaps, the great error of the writer consists in having made most of them better than people so circumstanced are generally found to be. The rector is a truly good man; and throughout the work his conduct forms a practical comment upon the great truths he has promised to teach. The narrative possesses considerable interest, and the plot is somewhat novel.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK has just published "Scraps and Sketches," consisting of six plates, with six or seven etchings on each plate. They abound in the finest humour, and are executed in the Artist's peculiar style of excellence. He has been severe upon the ladies. A whole plate is devoted to the subject of modern bonnets: the centre etching, representing "bonnet building," is an exquisite satire; and to complete the ridicule, he has given a "section of a bonnet carriage." This work, as well as those that preceded it by Mr. Cruikshank, are now found upon the table of every fashionable family.

Preparing for publication, by different editors from those of the volume for 1828, in royal 18mo. "The Winter's Wreath for 1829," a Collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, contributed by the most popular writers of the day, embellished with twelve highly-finished line engravings on steel, from a selection of rare and curious pictures never before engraved.

We are informed that the proprietors of "The Juvenile Forget me Not," and of "The Evergreen," two newly announced annuals for young persons, have united their interests in the production of one very superior publication, which will be entitled, "The Juvenile Forget me Not; a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day Present for 1829." The work will be beautifully illustrated, and will contain contributions from many distinguished authors, particularly those who have written most successfully for the young.





Carriage Dress & Home Costume for July, 1828.

Invented by Miss Pierpont, Edward F. Portman Esq^{re}

Pub^d July 1. 1828, by James Robbins & Co. London, & Dublin.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR JULY, 1828.

CARRIAGE-DRESS.

A DRESS of gros-de-Naples the colour of the lavender blossom, with two flounces. The body made tight to the shape, and partially high, with a collar *en paladin*, surmounted by a full ruff of blond; the paladin tippet is also trimmed all round, with narrow blond. White sleeves are worn with this dress, *à la Marie*; they are either of crêpe-aerophane, or fine plain muslin, and have the fullness confined only above the elbow, in two places; at the wrists they are confined by broad bracelets of green enamel and hair, fastened by a *cameo*. The hat is of striped gauze, green and white, with flowers and foliage of the fancy kind, all green. Broad strings of brocaded gauze ribbon, green and white, float loose.

HOME COSTUME.

A DRESS of white taffeta, striped with sea-green, bordered by a broad bias fold, scalloped next the shoe, and headed by a green satin rouleau. The body made tight to the shape, cut low, and surrounded by a very broad frill of blond. Short sleeves, very much puffed out. The hair arranged in the very last new style of fashion.

A reticule is generally carried with this dress, of rose coloured velvet.

HEAD DRESS.—The hair is not now worn so high as during last month, and though the bows are not so large, they are more numerous. The front hair is drest exceedingly light, in small curls, brought forward, but not high. In the first circles of fashion feathers have been general, and are tastefully arranged with pearls or diamonds, which produce a splendid effect.

We are indebted for the intelligence concerning this elegant head-dress to Mr. Colley, Bishopsgate Within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THOUGH the metropolis is now thronged with the carriages belonging to the higher orders of our nobility, and May Fair and St. James's offer to the eye of the gratified spectators a fair assemblage of beauty and fashion, yet London will not be long

béfore it is deserted; and it does actually, even now, begin to thin: after the young masters and misses have partaken a little of the public amusements, now held forth, their judicious parents will take them into the country, to imbibe a purer air, and enjoy the rural scene in all its beauty of verdure, and long days.

Already has the grandmother set off in her roomy carriage for the old Manor-house, and, perhaps, been intrusted with the pet child, who is too young to encounter the late hours of a crowded theatre; and a few excursions lately taken to a short distance from town have induced the independent young man and wife to depart for the whole summer to a favourite rural retreat, where either his own or his wife's parents are happy to receive their offspring.

Yet now, in London, Fashion may be said to shine forth in all her attractions; we will catch her then "as she flies," and hasten to impart to our subscribers the most admired changes which have taken place in her gay department since last month.

The Royal Academy of Painting, and other morning exhibitions, have drawn together all the different members of beauty and fashion in the metropolis: one very favourite style of costume seems to prevail much at these places of modish resort; which is a petticoat of gros-de-Naples, of some charming summer colour, with a delicately-fine book-muslin Canezon spencer, trimmed with lace. The petticoat devoted to form the dress for these generally crowded lounges is seldom flounced, but is finished at the border in a manner as simple as it is judicious; which is by only one broad bias fold. Coloured silk dresses, for general wear, have white transparent sleeves; and when these dresses are worn as out-door costume, they have either a muslin pelerine, with long ends, richly embroidered, and the ends drawn through the sash, or a round pelerine, made to appear double by two trimmings of fine broad lace, set on full. Chinese crape shawls, embroidered in silk of various colours, are favourite out-door envelopes; especially at the commencement of June, when an unusual chillness prevailed, and required something warmer than the thin muslin or lace pelerine: the ground of these beautiful shawls was generally of Bird-of-Paradise yellow. Coming from evening parties, or from the theatres, a yet warmer shawl was requisite; and those of real Cachemire were adopted, in preference to the mantle; which was now, if sufficiently costly, consigned to the cedar press, till the next autumn. Small throat-scarfs are very universal, with muslin Canezon spencers, tied

like a cravat, with the ends descending as low as the sash ; they are of the most beautiful texture, and admirably mingled colours.

The new Tuscan grass bonnets, and the coarse straw and Dunstable, so much the present rage, all yield to the superiority of those of gros-de-Naples ; and these are most in favour when white and watered. A hat, also, of white satin, with immense bows of blue and white gauze ribands, and a plume of feathers, of the marabout kind, tipped with the colour in the riband. The size of this hat, which, though very tasteful, is none of the smallest, is much added to by a very broad white blond at the edge. The white hats of watered gros-de-Naples have very long puffs and strings of rich riband ; though, as the warm season advances, gauze ribands seem likely to be preferred ; the most in favour of these are of white gauze, with rich stripes of lilac satin. When flowers are placed on these last-mentioned hats they are too numerous and confused, by being so much *en masse* ; they consist chiefly of exotics, of many kinds and of various colours. Two differently-coloured ribands, sewn together, are yet worn on bonnets ; but not quite so much as they were last month. Almost every lady now has her hat or bonnet fastened under the chin by a *mentonnière* of quilled blond or tulle, while the broad long strings, totally useless, float *au gré des vents*.

Muslin and tulle Canezou spencers are much worn in half-dress, with a coloured petticoat of gros-de-Naples. The colerette-capes of these Canezou are very narrow, but they are, sometimes, double. Dresses for walking are, certainly, among the higher orders, much more simple and appropriate than formerly. The real lady well knows, that it is the *tournure* and address that must ever characterize her, and not her finery. Dresses for the evening party, and for the balls, which are now beginning to decline, are often of coloured gauze, with satin stripes, or of white embroidered tulle over white satin. White muslin, beautifully embroidered in satin-stitch, is also a favourite material for dinner party dresses, or short excursions out of town : the favourite trimming on these dresses is one very deep flounce round the border, above which is a border of splendid embroidery, reaching as high as the knee. The corsage is *en gerbe*. Dresses of coloured gros-de-Naples have long white sleeves, either of figured tulle, or lace.

Berêts and turbans are still worn at evening dress parties, and are of the most becoming and graceful shape, particularly the

latter, which are in the eastern style, and formed of very rich, though light, materials; such as gold and silver gauze, and slight sarcenet, or gossamer satin, sprinkled with stars of silver. The berêts are generally ornamented with a plume of differently coloured feathers, tastefully grouped together, and shaded. The opera and dress hats are chiefly of coloured crape, are placed on one side, and very backward, and are ornamented with a plume of white feathers. Small caps of tulle, of the cornette kind, are worn in the morning, but are chiefly confined to the breakfast-table. The elegant little fichu, very simply ornamented with ribands, but no flowers, is still in favour for half-dress and home costume; they are of blond, or thread lace, according to the style of *parure*: with a good head of hair, well arranged, they are a fit *coiffeure* for the concert, or the social evening party.

The most approved colours are violet, Egyptian-sand, ethereal-blue, ivy-green, jonquil, and pink.

MODES DE PARIS.

A very brilliant assembly was lately collected together at the salon of the Société des Bonnes-Lettres; several ladies wore dresses, of which the corsages were *à la Sevigné*; quite tight to the shape, and laced behind. On each side, and in front, this tightness was preserved by pieces of whalebone. These dresses were of silk, with fancy flowers; though a few were of white English muslin. Printed muslins are in high favour for dresses; the ground is white, and the patterns very large, in separate bouquets of different flowers, coloured from nature. The corsages of these dresses are pointed in front, and the sleeves are *à la Marie*. Two flounces, each headed, ornament the border; above the upper one are three bias folds. When a dress-maker happens to be seen preparing the skirt of a gown, one would think it was for a woman of seven feet high; we may, however, be mistaken; it is for a female, perhaps, of only four feet eight. The length of the skirt will soon be lost, when a broad flat hem is made to ascend as high as the hams; then there will be a double tuck just above the knees. Morning dresses are made of striped ginghams of different colours, and are finished at the border by such a hem as above mentioned. Ginghams are much in favour for home costume; they are often bordered by one broad flounce, trimmed and headed by *passementerie*, (or braiding.) Muslin gowns for half-dress have seldom any other

trimming next the feet than one very broad hem. Dresses of coloured *batiste*, trimmed with black braiding, are much admired.

A new kind of shawl, named a *banio*, is much worn in out-door costume: it is well adapted to the summer season; the texture is as fine as the finest muslin, and the border is excessively beautiful. Throat-scarfs are still in high favour, especially in the morning walks: they are bound all round, and when the scarf is all of one colour the ends are worked in flowers of different tints. Scarfs figured over in butterflies are seen at the morning museums; and pelisses of pink muslin are favourite envelopes with the fair pedestrians of Paris; they are trimmed with bias folds, cut in points, each point surrounded by an open scallop in white cotton; between these points are worked white garden-daisies, in the same material. A girdle is worn round the waist, formed of braided cotton, half white, half rose-colour; this ties before, and is terminated by two acorn tassels.

The favourite ornament on a hat of white chip, especially for morning exhibitions, or the public walks, is one long, white, willow feather. The leghorn hats are trimmed with white ribands of an immense breadth; and is often put on in puffs all round the crown: however, on some leghorn hats are seen wreaths of field-flowers placed obliquely across the crown. Bonnets, either of white or coloured gros-de-Naples, have very low crowns, made like a caul; their trimming consists of bows of gauze riband, with satin stripes. The crowns of all hats are lower than they were last year; but they are not too low, and one side is always higher than the other; so that they have always the appearance of being placed on one side. The new form that is now given to straw hats does not allow of their crowns keeping a fashionable shape, unless detached from the brim. It is on this account that may be seen the merciless scissors of the Parisian milliners, cutting up straw which has fetched a most exorbitant price. Enormous bunches of syringoes, corn-poppies, and blue-bells, are often seen on straw hats, with a double *rôche* of tulle at the edge of the brim.

Small blond caps, with the hair in clusters of curls, parted from the forehead, are much worn in home costume. The turbans and dress hats have experienced no change worth recording since last month.

The colours most admired are blue, pink, olive-green, myrtle-green, lilac, Hortensia, and lavender-grey.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE DEAD PRISONER.

SEE ye the walls that frown in dark array,
Whose casements scarce admit the light of day,
Within their gloom, bereav'd of mortal breath,
The close pent-prison'r slumbers calm in death.
He from whose eye, for many a ling'ring year,
Oppression's arm drew forth the burning tear,
Now freed from tyranny and all its woes,
Tastes the delight of longly sought repose.
View, for a moment, the abhorred spot,
Where, close immur'd, he mourned his cruel lot;
See if less cheerless than the dreary tomb,
Is the dead silence of the prison's gloom.
Methinks, as on the form whence life has fled,
Sorrowing I gaze, with almost holy dread,
The dead reviv'd, again before me stands
With warning look, and waves his wither'd hands;
Bids me depart from walls whose echoes tell
Of tales he can himself attest too well.
Ere captive first, he heav'd the bitter sigh,
Erect he stood, and brightly flashed his eye;
Now stretch'd in death upon a truckle bed,
The struggle past, in peace he rests his head,
And on the features of his lifeless clay,
In transient fits, the moon-beams faintly play.
From early manhood 'till the fleshless foe
Within his veins forbid the stream to flow,
Immur'd—he felt his energies decay;
A prisoner—saw the hours pass away;
Yet still he fondly cherish'd in his breast,
Vain hopes of future happiness and rest.
Alas! he knew not that he ne'er again
From off his limbs should shake the galling chain;
Nor thought the triumph of his barbarous foes
Would finish only with life's parting throes.

How oft, when wearied with excess of grief,
In sleep exhausted nature sought relief,
Would fancy anguish to the mind impart,
And plunge a dagger to the slumberer's heart.—
Then rose, in fancy, the paternal home,
Amidst whose woods a child he used to roam ;
His father's halls, that oft with joy had rung,
Where, honor'd badge ! his house's scutcheon hung ;
Or else with her he lov'd, in sylvan bower
He sat, and gaily fled the passing hour.
But, ah ! deceitful as the echoing blast
Of night, with murm'ring sound the casement past,
Or the mid hour struck on the prison-bell,
The sound would rouse, and every dream dispel.
Sleep, injur'd man ! thou seeming lost of heaven !
To thou, tho' late, repose at length is giv'n ;
Slumber—no evil can assail thee now,
To place fresh wrinkles on thy aged brow.
The storm is hush'd ; no more, with anxious eye,
Thou'lt view the day's orb gild the western sky ;
Or, pensive sitting at the eve's decline,
Pluck the wild flowers that round the window twine ;
No more o'er blasted joys thy tears be shed ;
Thy griefs are past, and all thy sorrows fled.

TO ACHSAH.

It was a vision ! bright and brief
It's meteor beauty flash'd before me,
Through many a cloud of gloom and grief
That long had darkly linger'd o'er me :
A dawn of dearer, tenderer bliss
Than e'er my fondest fancy painted ;
Serene as summer—sunlight is,
By shadowing clouds undimm'd, untainted !
Then pardon ! that, as o'er my way
It shone, like Heaven's own halo smiling,
I deem'd not *that* delightful ray,
Like all life's earlier lights, beguiling.

'Tis flown;—joy's dream-depicted form!

Thy lips the awakening word have spoken,
Whose utterance, like a counter-charm,

Life's latest, loveliest spell has broken.

Oh! frown not:—if my love was rash,

Full dearly has that rashness cost me;

Hope dawn'd and died,—a lightning-flash!

And then *that word*, the thunder, cross'd me.

It came, with desolating blow

My heart to smite, my hope to smother—

Oh! where is life's enchantment now?

Thou'rt lost to me! thou lov'st another!

Thou lov'st another, and we part—

I—reft of hope, and lorn, and lonely,—

Thou—bless'd and blessing; but this heart

Still loves *thee* best, still loves *thee only*.

Yet, though thou wert my fancy's flower,

Nor Beauty's brightest ones excell'd thee,—

I knew not, till that dreadful hour,

How deeply, wildly dear I held thee!

Aye, lady—'twas that hour unveil'd

To my own heart the hope it cherish'd;

But scarce that new-found hope was hail'd,

Ere, like a birth-smit babe, it perish'd.

Enough! enough! my wretchedness

Shall never dim thy dawn of gladness;

Yet will I love thee not the less,

Though mask'd my love, though mute my sadness!

This heart shall learn the task to chain

Its struggling thoughts in stern compulsion,

And friendship's tranquil interest feign,

While striving with it's hid convulsion.

For thee, be life like paths that run

Through fields the greenest, balmiest, brightest,

And oh! may he, thy chosen one,

Love thee *like* him whose love thou slightest!

And what shall Heaven more deeply bless

Than manly worth, and woman's beauty,

So link'd in mutual tenderness,

In high-soul'd faith, in hallow'd duty?

ANCHEPIL.

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(SIXTH EDITION)
The History of
the
War of 1812
BY
JAMES M. SMITH



FAIRY QUEEN.

a Song from the

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES,

adapted to

An old German Air

for the

PIANO FORTE.

Allegro.



p
 Hither hither Fairy Queen Lest thy silv'ry wing be seen

p
 On the gale Gently sail! Fairies guard your Lady Queen.

On the gale Gently sail! Fairies guard your Queen.

2^d Verse, (Con Spirito.)
 Fairy Queen! Fairy Queen!
 Thou hast past the treach'rous scene,
 Now we may
 Down and play,
 O'er the daisied green:
 Lightly, lightly, Fairy Queen!
 Dance it gently o'er the green;
 Fairies gay,
 Trip away
 Roundabout your Lady Queen!
 Fairies gay,
 Trip away
 Roundabout your Queen!



of love, O my darling,
This heart is all for you,
And I will love you true
Till death do us divide,
O my darling, my darling,
My heart is all for you,
And I will love you true
Till death do us divide,
O my darling, my darling,
My heart is all for you,
And I will love you true
Till death do us divide,
O my darling, my darling,
My heart is all for you,
And I will love you true
Till death do us divide,





Designed by J. Russell

Engraved by J. Wilson

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